

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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OCTOBER 15, 1938

## WHO'S WHO

ANONYMOUS, as those who read the old literatures know well, is a famous name. Anon., the abbreviated form of the name, may represent far different types of writers. The Anon. appearing this week is a man of Germanic (pure Aryan) descent. He is normally proud of his forefathers and of their Faith. His heart was saddened by the gradual extirpation of that Faith through the quiet, poisonous method of the Nazi regime. Why he must be called Anonymous may be deduced from the revelations he makes in his graphic narrative. . . . ARNOLD LUNN has just returned to the United States and is instituting a six-weeks' course in apologetics at Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind. His plans for the course, as outlined in our office, should make another interesting article. They should make, also, the Notre Dame apologists worthy successors to their present mentor. Mr. Lunn intends to lecture in the United States during the coming winter. . . . DORAN HURLEY is now free-lancing in New York, temporarily absent from the haunts of the old parish. In the review section will be found an appreciation of the first series of *The Old Parish* to be put in book form. They deal with the same characters about whom he has been discoursing in AMERICA, but in a more fictional form. The sketches from our pages are reserved for a future book. . . . JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J., is working in sociology and philosophy at St. Louis University, Mo. His thoughts have been expressed in all the main Catholic periodicals, in a best-selling pamphlet on the Sit-Down Strike, and in three quite recently finished but unpublished books.

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# COMMENT

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NEW ORLEANS welcomes Christ the King in the splendor of human things. The city and its people are host to Him, and to the hundreds of thousands that pour into the city from Louisiana and the southlands, and from the country of the north, both west and east. New Orleans is radiant in its October beauty, created by the God it is praising. It has been garnished by the hands of devoted servants of the God who has made them. From New Orleans rise the prayers of a million hearts to the Saviour of Mankind, and bursts the glory that is due to the Lord of the World. Archbishop Rummel, the shepherd of the flock of New Orleans, stands before the throne of the King of Kings as the leader of the tremendous pilgrimage. Cardinal Mundelein, as legate of the Vicar of Christ, unites the universal Church with the Church of New Orleans in offering homage to Christ in the Eucharist. May Christ be pleased with the loyalty and love breathed by His followers at the Eighth National Eucharistic Congress at New Orleans.

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THE PROCLAMATION issued by General Franco on October 2, the second anniversary of his elevation as civil Chief of State was an appeal for peace. His terms were honorable, his power to force a victory by arms, if needed, was assured. From Barcelona and from Geneva, on five occasions already, Negrin has spoken, vaguely and yet with significance, of the possibility and the terms of a peaceful settlement by negotiation with the Nationalist Government. Beaten on the battle-fields, controlling a wearied people only by artificial stimulation of their morale, lacking the material and moral aid supplied by the former Blum Government of France, supported only by the fair words of a treacherous Soviet Russia, the Negrin junta of Barcelona has begun to see the tragedy of ruining Spain in order to keep a minority group of Communists, Anarchists and Syndicalists in power. Left alone, the Spaniards themselves can settle their differences and their war. It is our prayer that the first faint pipings of peace from both sides may grow into a chorus demanding an immediate peace.

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ART, which is the law of beauty in form, has its own intrinsic rules, and it is consoling to know that it can never be taken over for purposes of propagating either the totalitarian tyranny or the proletarian piffle. Propagandists can work wonders in the field of politics, journalism, social upsets. They can do nothing in the field of Beauty. Art is quite dead at the moment in Germany. The Nazis have bequeathed us not a single strain of good music, not a single good joke; and sooner or later the German

people are going to become visually tired of monotonous repetitions of the swastika-emblem, Hitler's moustache, and Goering's girth. The Communists are equally ineffective. They are the most humorless lot conceivable. Their poetry is a mess, their painting a nightmare, their plays boring, their music, even with the vehement assistance of Benny Goodman, a lot of sour noise. *Hamlet* keeps returning again and again to Broadway. Of the many idle theatres in New York, at the moment, there is not one which is "waiting for Lefty" to return. People go to see *On Borrowed Time* because it is really pathetic, *Our Town* because it is really tender, *You Can't Take It With You* because it is really funny. The speculators' pockets are bulging at the moment with tickets for *Sing Out The News*, and you can buy a pair any night ten minutes after curtain time.

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AFTER a hectic week of foreboding and uncertainty growing out of the European crisis, the world dawned a little brighter at the beginning of last week. People settled back slightly more comfortably in their chairs or normal grooves. Glancing at our papers we again became conscious of taxes and the inter-labor conflict and the railroad situation, even the possibility of a third-term president. These questions, so vital a few weeks previously, were relegated to obscure corners on back pages in our newspapers, or not mentioned at all. That which was paramount one week was of little or no importance the next. It seemed as though the progress of the world was stayed, and the nations waited with baited breath the outcome of the peace overtures. Local problems appeared petty and inconsequential in the light of the threatened world cataclysm. The horrors of war loomed menacingly and one and all, particularly the mothers and fathers of stalwart sons, prayed and lived in dread at the awful possibility of war's stark reality. The crisis is over, but the danger is not passed altogether, despite Neville Chamberlain's remark after his last successful plea to Hitler that "peace for our time" had been won. The aggressive forces that brought Europe to this recent pass are still at work; armament and war preparations are going on apace. But, in spite of ambitious rulers the paean of peace is in the mouths of the people. May it swell in volume till all nations voice it in unison!

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A MANIFESTO discloses the subtle propaganda and the real reasons back of the recent meetings held in Mexico, speciously alleged to advance Pan-American labor and peace groups. Edwin S. Smith, a member of the National Labor Relations Board and John L. Lewis, it will be remembered, took an



active part in these sessions. The Democratic Constitutional Front, in discussing the manifesto, says it is addressed to all nations of the American continent to put them on their guard against the deceitful maneuvers which, under the cloak of liberty, democracy and peace, really mean a planned organization throughout America in favor of Communism. The resolutions adopted all bear the well defined spirit and language of the Soviet, the boycotting of totalitarian states and complete adherence to the two organizations so completely controlled by the Third International, the World League Against War and Fascism (for Peace and Democracy), and the World Association for Peace. The Mexican Confederation of Labor, an affiliate of the Democratic Constitutional Front, said in speaking of the Congress in Mexico City: "One needs not to have great political and social insight to reach the conclusion that these congresses were held for no other purpose than propaganda, Communistic in character, the purpose of which was to make Mexico the instrument and field of experimentation for the Russian dictator under the direction of the agents like Vincente Lombardo Tolezano." Gerardo Murillo from Mexico City, likewise, assails the Russian tactics manifest in the sessions of the Latin-American Labor Congress.

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THE PASTORAL of the Swiss Bishops mentions the two factors that are the pillar and prop of authority and the state. These are respect for human personality and respect for authority. It regrets the de-Christianization that is being effected by press, film and radio. Modern paganism in all its diverse forms is the nourishing soil in which flourish erroneous doctrines and false conceptions such as racism, exaggerated nationalism and the omnipotence of the state. The worth of man is his human personality that comes from God. He receives from the Creator intangible and inalienable rights. From God, the Redeemer, come the incomparable benefits of the supernatural order. Man's real worth is his Divine origin. "The worth that comes from the race and blood is only secondary and of inferior order. The community of Christians, of the baptized, is indeed an order superior to that of race and blood. The modern godless movement, atheistic Communism and National Socialism, enemies of Christ, maltreat and destroy, with a brutality hitherto unheard of, the human person which they cause to be lost in the mass, in the class, in the race, the nation, the state." The authority of parents and the Church is flouted by our modern pagan rulers who, although embodiments of state authority, attack without conscience the legitimate authority of Church and family.

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DIES COMMITTEE investigations, though they are ridiculed by Reds, Pinks and Mauves, have done the country an important service. They have pointed out to the American public the definite trend of certain organizations of foreign nationals. Great numbers of immigrants from all nations have found

their way to our country to enjoy the benefits of peace, liberty and economic security that the United States has always afforded them. Slowly by the great process of "the melting pot" these strangers have been assimilated. One and all, they became good American citizens. It was natural in the early days of their residence here that groups of nationals should club together for the purpose of companionship, recreation and the perpetuation of the culture they brought from their homeland. There was place, too, in America for this rich, cultural heritage. But recent years have witnessed a radical change in the purpose of these national organization groups. They have ceased to be purely cultural and social. On the contrary, many of these organizations have become predominantly racial and political, and as such emphatically prejudicial to the best interests of our country. America has sincerely welcomed the stranger to her shores. Let these strangers not forget the benefits of peace and liberty and comfort that their adopted country has afforded them, and be grateful. By all means let them continue to perpetuate the culture of their native land, but show their gratitude by driving the political agitators out of their midst.

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WE posit a Catholic I. Q. test for college students. Help from their parents is allowed: (a) Which is the oldest, the noblest college in existence? Hints: It is nineteen centuries old. It was located, not in Athens nor anywhere in classical Greece, not at Rome nor Carthage, but in Judea and Samaria, principally in Jerusalem. The students were hand-picked, by personal interview; a very select body, just twelve. Their education was under the perfect Master. Their "majors" were the Christian Philosophy of Life and Catholic Action. They "flunked" miserably during the exams of Holy Week. They were placed on "probation," nine days of prayer to overcome their "F." Thereafter, filled with the Holy Spirit, the graduates of the College of the Apostles went to the uttermost parts of the earth, spreading Christian culture, being perfect examples of Catholic Action. (b) Are similar Catholic colleges obligatory on you? What Canon of the Church's law says so emphatically?

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AFTER all is said, one must give the Administration credit for a sense of humor. Or is it an overdose of insincerity? Whichever way one looks at it, the presumption of the latest press release almost staggers one for its temerity. Imagine a spokesman for the Administration telling the public that if business would only stop its "saber-rattling" and make an earnest effort to get along with the Administration, prosperity would come back with a boom! We had always been under the impression that it was the Administration that had been doing all the saber-rattling for the past few years. In fact, we dimly recall speeches, campaign and fire-side, to the effect that business was to be forced into line with the Administration policies. And we less dimly remember business to have pleaded most

earnestly that the New Deal outline some definite policy so that industry and investment might know on what foot they stood. Indeed, the impression prevailed that business was very much the underdog. But we must have been mistaken. A spokesman for the Administration has so assured us. It is business that has done all the threatening and the saber-rattling. All business has to do, declares the spokesman, is to show "a cooperative attitude toward the Administration's program" and all will again be rosy. Yet, despite these assurances, it still seems economically sane that capital investment must be assured of a definite policy on the part of the Government. The trial and error scheme now in practice will never induce the lower-bracket investors to hazard their hard-earned resources.

BREAD fell from the skies over Madrid on October 2. 175,000 fresh loaves, baked with good Spanish flour from wheat raised in Spanish fields, were flown from Spanish Nationalist towns and dropped along the streets of the former capital. Starvation has been in Madrid. Want has worn out the people. The city has been rimmed with trenches and wire, the roads leading to it are all mined, the people crowded into it are under the domination of a desperate, few, powerful fanatics. There can be but one future for Madrid, its liberation by the Nationalist forces. As in Malaga, as in Bilbao and Santander, as in all the recaptured territories, the Nationalists entered first, not as soldiers but as relief workers bearing gifts of food to the stricken victims. So will it be with Madrid when it finally capitulates. It has often been asserted, and with truth, that General Franco could capture Madrid. But that would entail a woful loss of precious lives of non-combatants and a destruction of the capital city. General Franco does not seek a ruined Spain nor the slaughter of Spaniards. He wants the order and peace that reigns through the seventy per cent of Spain held by him to spread over the stricken, terrified Spain ruined by the Communists and Anarchists. The Nationalists stand ready to bring bread to Madrid and Barcelona and Valencia, and with bread, peace through Spain.

INDIVIDUALISM, parochialism and misguided nationalism were named by Bishop Schrembs of Cleveland as the great obstacles of effective Catholic Action. He defined individualism as "an excessive and exclusive regard for our own personal interests as against the interests and claims of the community as a whole." It is baneful whether it arises in the field of politics, economics or religion. Parish and diocese were never intended by Christ to be divisions of Christian brotherhood. "Parishes and dioceses exist to intensify and strengthen, not to weaken and destroy Christianity." "The Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, of which we are all members and as the welfare of the body demands the vital cooperation of every one of its members, so the Church must receive the loyal and active cooperation of all its members for the fulfilment of

its Divine mission." While nationalism is a vital part of our nature, implanted by God as love of country, exaggerated nationalism has wrought indescribable misery in the world and it has rent the Church and brought about apostasy among nations. "Now the Church of God is for all men of all nations. She is the spiritual mother of the whole human family. She recognizes and blesses national rights and affiliations, but she warns against an immoderate nationalism which lights the fires of racial jealousies and national hatreds."

IF the Republican Depression and the Democratic Recession continue, it may be that our Catholic poor will be driven perforce into some of the simplicities of the European peasants in their devotional observances. This past week we received a letter from a priest enormously excited over the fact that recently, for the first time in nearly fifteen years of sacerdotal life, he gave Holy Communion to a young mother who came to the altar-rail with a baby at her breast. "I cannot tell you," he said, "the impression made on me by this young mother, receiving Our Lord with a child in her arms." There has long been some difficulty as to how young mothers with hard-working husbands and no servants were to manage a frequent reception of the Sacraments. The answer is surely: Bring the baby to church with you! If he cries a little, it will not matter. Some spiritual good will surely come to him from reclining on the breast of a mother in whom the Blessed Eucharist is being tabernacled. The other worshipers will not be disedified. And the priest will be enormously thrilled.

HARTFORD, in Connecticut, from October 1 till October 4, was the home of the Fourth National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of the Christian Doctrine, held under the patronage of Bishop McAuliffe, and under the local chairmanship of Dr. Brady, Bishop-Elect of Burlington, Vt. At the same time, the Catholic Biblical Association of America also held its sessions. All told, there were about 300 scheduled meetings during the four days. Triple or quadruple and even a much higher multiple would give an idea of the number of talks and addresses. As in every one of the Catechetical Congresses, enthusiasm and zeal were at flood tide. The reason is simple. The hierarchy of the United States fully realizes the importance of religious instruction for child and adult, for student and worker, for the greatest and the least of Catholics. The Bishops, therefore, have led in this new movement and have fostered its activities in their respective dioceses. The clergy, especially the younger members, have followed their Ordinaries' lead with zest and at sacrifices. Teachers, religious and lay, have calculated the ravages in the flock through the lack of proper instruction, and also through the lack of their own training. Unanimity of purpose, therefore, desire for improvement, and a determination to protect the frontiers of the Faith were the dominant elements apparent in Hartford.



# THE NAZI PERSECUTORS BREAK NO BONES, SHED NO BLOOD

Impressions of an American who visited land of his fathers

ANONYMOUS

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FIRST of all, we have no conception of the extent of the persecution and the conditions in Germany today. They are far worse than was ever thought. Of course, there are no outward signs of a persecution; the churches are open, they are well attended and, at first sight, one would feel that there is a great prosperity. The restraint on the clergy is never public; it is made by individual mandate. As soon as any priest becomes popular by his preaching and draws crowds, he receives an order from the Government that he will not be allowed to preach and, in many cases, to hear confessions in the future. This is not because he is accused in any way of violating Government regulations, but simply because large crowds are attending his sermons.

Several priests, in . . . , formed a missionary band that traveled over all Germany. It was doing splendid work. The preachers were extremely careful in the manner and in the content of their preaching. But all to no avail, for individually each one has received an order that he cannot preach again in the future.

The Government is now going to form a Ministry of Religion and only the officially approved pastors will be allowed to preach or do any other ministerial work. These pastors must take a quasi-oath which gives them their right to act as quasi-government officials. I never saw the oath but I was told that a priest absolutely cannot sign it. Those who do not sign are deprived of the right to do any ministerial work.

The Catholic colleges and schools are not suppressed; they are allowed to continue. But the students are restrained from attending these schools, first, because no student may attend a private school until the Government schools are filled; second, since there are so many employed by the Government (all public utilities are governmental) the condition of holding a position is that the children belong to the Nazi Youth and, therefore, must not frequent private schools. The result has been in most localities that the first two years of the schools do not exist. This will continue until the school, after a period of four years, will simply die from the lack of students. There is a new taxation bill on private institutions. It has not yet been promulgated, but the contents seem to indicate

that there will be a ten per-cent tax on all private institutions and this tax will have to be paid some three or four years in advance. Many private schools have given up. The Government has paid a nominal sum for them and has introduced Nazi education.

The so-called morality trials that were so violent have been discontinued. The reason seems that the people did not believe the reports that they read in their papers. In fact, it is an axiom among the Germans that whatever is in the papers is a lie. Although the publicity of the morality trials has dropped, individual cases have been continued over a long period and seem to be directed only to the idea of framing an individual priest or Religious. Houses are searched for correspondence. These searching parties may come at any hour of the day or night. In . . . , in the presence of an officer, three attendants, and a lady stenographer, a . . . was grilled for at least four hours. All his documents were carefully gone through and any letter from suspicious characters, according to the Nazi regime, was confiscated.

There was the case of a young priest called to the parlor by a young man, who apparently was very sincerely seeking advice. The priest, just as sincerely, gave him directions and later wrote a letter to the young man regarding the same matter. The young man also received a letter from a known homosexualist. Just how the authorities learned of the whole correspondence is not known. But they searched the priest's files and carried off all his letters. Then they went to the young man's home and searched his effects. They discovered the priest's letter and the letter from the "known sodomist," thereby connecting the three people. The priest was examined for a period of six months, not knowing what they were driving at, until he was asked point blank if he had such a relation with these men. The purpose behind all this was to build up a case against the priest, and keep it on ice for future use.

Spies are sent to the confessional and also come to the parlor to seek advice, frequently asking a further explanation of the sermon which has just been preached. The greatest prudence and, unfortunately, a feeling of suspicion and distrust is al-

ways exercised in the confessional and in parlor conferences. The smallest statement is construed as against the Government. One pastor, speaking and writing about a mission in the Orient, made the statement that only the Catholic Church can solve the difficulties of the social unrest of today. This was construed as a statement against the Government, for the writer was informed that he had not the correct idea of things; it was the Nazi Government alone and not the Church which can solve the difficulty of the social unrest today. For this statement the pastor can write no future articles in Germany. In other words, they are looking for legal pretexts to suppress all religious activity.

There is no interference verbally with religious instruction and the going to Mass. The Nazi Youth are asked to attend such services; but it always happens that they have some other exercises in the morning which make it impossible for them to attend any religious services whatever. They start in as early as five o'clock in the morning. They march, sing, have athletic games under Nazi directors and are educated according to Nazi principles. Religion is not directly attacked, but in private conversation it is made the butt of a joke and is killed in the mind of youth by ridicule.

Parents have no power over their children. Cases of immorality between boys and girls are outside the jurisdiction of the parents. A young girl, about to be a mother, causing great grief to her God-fearing parents, boldly told them that she is doing right because the Fuehrer wishes us to do this. I am told that if the parents persist in trying to suppress this immorality they are politely but firmly warned by the Government that they are not to interfere in the Nazi plans. Boys and girls in athletic exercises and social functions are placed in positions and are stirred up by explanations and teachings to such a degree that immorality can be the only result. The youth in Germany today is lost.

Regarding the material part of Germany, there are tremendous projects: road building, government buildings, museums and art galleries are springing up all over Germany. A characteristic of the building is its hugeness. It is almost symbolic of the Government: sheer force and no spirituality. There is prosperity and there is no unemployment. People are dressed well and they would seem to be in many respects the most prosperous people of Europe. And yet they say that if there was a real plebiscite the present Government would not receive thirty per cent of the votes.

Elections are interesting. It is a foregone conclusion that in every election the measure is going to be received unanimously. It does not make any difference what the vote is; it is always counted as a favorable vote. In Austria, at the time of the an-schluss, there was a unanimous vote in one small town where I know at least five people who told me that they voted against it, and they told me also that they knew other people who voted against the measure. Yet the Government published a hundred per-cent vote in favor of the an-schluss of that village. The vote is not to learn the will of the people but rather for the Government to know where

they may expect trouble and dissension. It is a dangerous thing to vote against a Government measure, and it is fruitless because your vote will never be counted.

They have not as yet interfered with seminaries, but they have a far more reaching plan to destroy them. The Nazi Youth movement combined with compulsory military service, plus a form of education, will make it very difficult for anyone to pursue ecclesiastical studies. Their idea is not to kill the seminary but to destroy its roots and its future. The present seminaries can go on unmolested, but the number of vocations has been so much diminished that their future is insecure. And all this goes for convents, too.

There is no such thing now as the liberty of the press. All the papers are instruments of the Government, and even religious periodicals are so severely scrutinized that it would be impossible to treat of any but the general ideas of Christianity without facing immediate suppression. News is more acceptable *viva voce* than by newspaper, and it is strange how rapidly the *viva voce* news travels. A thing that caused extreme embarrassment to the Government was the writings of Cardinal Mundelein on the Nazis. He has been caricatured in all their papers mostly under the form of a cock crowing at a distance or a jackass braying. Someone in or about . . . wrote a defense of Cardinal Mundelein and it was spread secretly throughout Germany. The thing was excellently done and it was taken up by the people, and those who did not receive the paper heard the story so that it spread throughout Germany, much to the embarrassment of the Government.

In the southern part of Germany and in Austria there is an enthusiasm for the present form of Government. That, they tell me, is because it is young. As you move north you notice a decided coldness until you come to Hamburg where Nazism is practically unknown and the German Government does not do anything about it. There, everything is free, religion is unhampered. The reason given is because the city is international in its make-up and the reports of the gag rule of the Nazi Government would be published all over the world if it were enforced in this city.

The younger priests whom I met are anxious to go to jail, deeming themselves unworthy to suffer something for Christ. They feel that this form of persecution where the Government will have to use violence will be the only thing that will stir up the German people to see the difficulties they are in. Three priests detained in prison stated that were they not there and yet learned of the apostolate in the prisons they would have volunteered to be sent as prisoners.

It has often been asked whether there is a possibility of the two forces, Nazism and Communism finally uniting. The real question now seems to be whether they are already united. People in Germany answer this question by asking: where are the many who were leading Communists in Germany before the present regime? The answer invariably is: they are all in the Nazi Government.



# SHADOW OVER EUROPE

ARNOLD LUNN



IT HAPPENED that I was in Rome when the Germans crossed the Austrian frontier. "Your Mr. Eden has been the death of Austria," exclaimed an indignant Italian, "and the Czechs will also pay for his mistakes. Do you think it is pleasant for us to have seventy million Germans facing us on the Brenner? Do you think that it was worth while to break the Stresa Front for the Negus of Ethiopia?"

I was to hear many echoes of this dirge during the five months that I spent in Italy. The Rome-Berlin axis is a marriage of inconvenience, and divorce cannot long be postponed. Hitler's visit was a failure. The Swastika badges had to be given away. Nobody would buy them, and only those applauded who were paid to do so. Rome was full of jokes at Hitler's expense, of which my favorite is the story of Hitler at the Fonte Di Trevi. Lovers of Rome toss a ritualistic coin into this fountain and thereby, if tradition is to be believed, insure their return to the City on the Seven Hills. Hitler, who had been methodically coached in Roman ways, insisted on being shown the fountain, pulled a coin out of his pocket, and was about to toss it into the water when Mussolini seized his arm and exclaimed: "For heavens sake, don't do that."

On paper, there is little to choose between Fascism and Nazism, but the rigors of totalitarianism are tempered in Italy by the genial "gentilezza" of the Italian character. A well known Italian, who announces in the English *Who's Who*, that he has taken a prominent part in the campaign for the restoration of democracy, gives an address in Rome. In Germany his address would have been the nearest concentration camp.

The recent anti-Semite legislation in Italy is often cited as evidence that Mussolini takes his policy from Germany, but in reality it is a symptom not of the strength but the weakness of the Rome-Berlin axis, a statement which will, I know, strike the reader as the wildest of paradoxes. No country treated the Jews better than Italy until quite recently. A German Jewish refugee, whose brother in Germany I was trying to help, assured me in June that the Italians paid the salary of the official in charge of Jewish refugee relief, and that refugees were treated with sympathetic courtesy.

A well known Fascist had previously warned me that the incessant Jewish attacks on Italian Fascism would provoke reprisals. He added that Mussolini had made private overtures to France while Blum was in power. "If we don't get together," he said, "I can't save Austria and you can't save the Czechs." Blum is reported to have replied that he could never forgive the murder of Matteotti. He has found it easier to forgive the assassins of Russia and Red Spain. The present anti-Semite legislation in Italy is partly intended as a reprisal for Jewish opposition to an Italian-French alliance and partly

as a means of bringing pressure on those Jews who in the security of England or France denounce Fascism. It is a grievous error to equate Fascism and Nazism. Mussolini models himself on Machiavelli, whereas Hitler is a modern Mahomet. You can argue with a Machiavelli, but you can only listen to Mahomet, for it is not only rude but blasphemous to contradict Allah, when he speaks through the instrument of his favorite prophet.

I listened in to the Trieste speech which began with an undisguised warning to Hitler that Trieste was and would remain Italian. When Mussolini implied that Italy would be with Germany, if it came to war, I turned to an Italian and said: "That means there will be no war." Mussolini would fight for a vital Italian interest, but he is much too shrewd a statesman to fight for a German hegemony over Europe.

Chamberlain was the most popular man in Italy after his visit to Hitler. "That is a great gentleman," exclaimed an Italian bank clerk; "he does not shout. He just goes to have a quiet talk, and takes his first aeroplane trip at the age of seventy." There is something to be said, even in the modern world, for the technique of understatement, and for the undertones of a man who prefers to talk than to scream.

I returned to England just before Mr. Chamberlain's second visit. I dined with the well-known Catholic writer, Douglas Jerrold, at the Athenaeum on the fateful Friday. A prominent Government official assured us that we should be at war on Tuesday, but I was still sanguine. "The event will prove," said Jerrold, "whether Hitler is the cleverest politician in Europe or a lunatic. If he fights for what he can get without fighting, he's mad." That was also my view, but the horror of the situation was that our faith in Hitler's sanity weakened as the days passed.

After dinner we walked towards Westminster. A noisy demonstration of pacifists had just been turned back from Downing Street by the police. This crisis has, at least, proved that the League against War and Fascism is a League for War against Fascism.

I spent Saturday interviewing people with a view to war work. One conversation deserves to be quoted. "The Americans had such a surfeit of propaganda in the last war that we have decided against official propaganda if war breaks out. They are very friendly and we can count on their moral support. On the other hand, if you have a lecture tour planned out, it is your duty to go." My heart sank, for my obstinate wife was determined to stop in London if war came. "Make it clear that you are speaking as a private individual and do your best to persuade Catholics that our cause is just, even if we are fighting as the allies of Russia." I asked him if he thought that the States would fight. He smiled grimly and mentioned a well known American. "X said to me the other day: 'Of course we would never let you go under, but we would probably wait until you came up for the third time.' And whatever you do, don't suggest to them that it's their duty to fight on our side. In the first place, it isn't; and in

the second place, they're much more likely to come in, if they're not asked to."

Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to Hitler was received with gratitude in England. Many people believed that it may have proved to be the decisive factor.

I wandered round to my friends in the Services, hoping that I should find some who would urge me to stop in London. But they were all convinced that I ought to sail. I was comforted, however, by the promise that I would be recalled by telegram when a job had been fixed for me. With a heavy heart I sailed on Wednesday in the *Queen Mary*. I should have found it all but impossible not to return on the *Queen Mary* had war broken out.

Apart from the professional pacifists, few Englishmen were anxious to plunge Europe into war over the Czechs. Our moral obligation to the Czechs was no greater than that of the United States. A mediator who intervenes between two men fighting in the street incurs no obligation to join in the scrap if he fails to part them. On the other hand, England would have been one hundred per cent behind Mr. Chamberlain had the Four Power Conference at Munich broken down. And in spite of Russia, the English Catholics would have supported Mr. Chamberlain to a man.

Slowly the mood of England changed. Anxiety gave way to dour resignation. I asked my son who had, of course, applied for a commission whether he looked forward to the adventure of war. "Not in the least. This is not 1914. We know too much. None of my friends have any illusions. War is a mixture of boredom and exhaustion and moments of acute fright." But the young men of today would have fought as gallantly as those who in 1914 believed in the glamor of war.

Meanwhile the population was lining up to fit gas masks, or helping to dig trenches in the parks. And there were some who spent hours in Westminster Abbey. As my wife and I knelt together before the tomb of the unknown warrior, she whispered: "He may be Teddy." Teddy was her brother. His body was never found. "And next time we bury an unknown warrior," I said, "it may be our Peter or John."

I read Hitler's speech as it came through over the tape at my Club. The billiard room and morning room were full. Very few members paid Hitler the compliment of reading his speech, as it came through. A few young men gathered round the tape machine and cracked some jokes. If Hitler was lunatic enough to release a world war, he would have to be dealt with. Meanwhile, why worry? I did not hear of one person leaving London. On the night before sailing, I dined with Douglas Woodruff, editor of the *Tablet*. "The only anti-air raid precautions we've taken," he remarked, "is to have a duplicate list made of subscribers who are in arrears with their subscriptions." Mr. Woodruff had spent the day mastering the technique of allaying panic in air raids.

Before I left, Father D'Arcy said Mass for us at the Altar of Saint Xavier at which I had received my first Communion. My son served and my wife and the girl Peter is to marry knelt at

the altar rails. "You are doing a hard thing," said my wife, "but we've talked it over and you ought to go. But you can always come back." "Yes," I murmured, "Thank God, I can always come back." And, thank God, it was not necessary to go back.

## FEED MY SHEEP!

DORAN HURLEY



THE SHOCK was great last Sunday when in the distance coming down St. Mary's street I saw Constance Casey and Mrs. Patrick Crowley arm in arm, hobnobbing together like the boonest of boon companions. As they drew nearer to me, I could see Connie's doll's hat and high-piled curls bobbing vigorously to the rhythm of her excited speech, and, wonder of wonders, Mrs. Crowley's veil-hung bonnet nodding complete, agreeing assent.

Constance and Mrs. Patrick uphold opposing poles of the old parish thought. From all past indications, I should have the more readily expected East to meet West than to find them in what seemed absolute agreement. They are both deeply devout and pious women, but they approach their Faith from different angles. Connie is extremely intellectual, esthetic and highly liturgical; Mrs. Crowley treads the way of Martha with positive common-sense practicality. And from the time Connie returned from her year on the Continent, studying Shakespeare and the musical classes with the Mesdames in their convents in gay Paris and holy Rome, she and Mrs. Crowley have battled continuously for supremacy as arbiter of the old parish affairs.

"We've just heard the most simply divine sermon," Connie hailed me enthusiastically. "It was just too, too wonderful, really."

"He's a grand talker," Mrs. Crowley echoed. "He had something to say, he knew how to say it, and he said it. It was a great treat, indeed."

Neither Connie nor Mrs. Patrick are silent, reticent women. Once started they both began immediately to pour forth lavish and fulsome praise upon preacher and sermon, but they broke in upon each other so often, and counterpointed each other's remarks so frequently, that it was some time before I got their story straight.

I had taken it for granted that they had come from the High at the old parish church; but the way they were raving about the sermon flabbergasted me. Young Father McCabe, our curate, had preached the sermon, and Father McCabe, loveable priest as he is and the most comforting person possible on a sick call, is no orator. Moreover I have always had more than a suspicion that his sermons have been laboriously worked over from the stilted and routine models in some *Preaching Handbook for Distressed Pastors and Harassed Curates*. He does pretty well by the Mote and the



Beam, and by the Widow's Groat; but as often as I hear it, I have never particularly cared for his elaboration on the Grain of Mustard Seed. He usually seems a little bit discouraged about it, himself.

However, it turned out that it was not our own church Mrs. Crowley and Connie had attended. They had gone to High Mass "down at the French." That bit of information made me even more at a loss. At the Church of Notre Dame de Pitie, where our French-Canadian neighbors worship, the sermon and church notices are customarily given in the French language.

I did finally get the story clear. It seems that Father Beauprêtre, assistant pastor at Notre Dame, and a friend of Connie's through their joint interest in the Liturgical Arts Society, has begun a new series of sermons in English at the last Mass, designed particularly for the younger people of the congregation. Father Beauprêtre is not only one of the most progressive priests of our diocese; but he is also a great humanitarian. I rather imagine that in the past he has noted sundry twistings and squirmings in the pews as pulpit discourses went on from Fifthly to Sixthly, and the preacher completely forgot to notice the watch he had placed on the rail before him.

A sentence of Paul Claudel's which he happened upon a few weeks ago, in his reading, re-kindled his enthusiastic promise to himself to adjust his preaching to his audience. "Some time," says Claudel, "there will be a book to write which will be entitled: Sacred eloquence from the point of view of the consumer." It is in the consumer's interest that Father Beauprêtre has planned this series of Sunday sermons.

"I don't know when I relished a sermon more," said Mrs. Crowley affably, "except those at the Three Hours' Agony on Good Friday, and they never let a local man preach them. They always get some real good man from outside. I learned things today that while I knew them before, still I hadn't got them quite straight. From my point of view 'twas a fine sermon. I'll go down with you, Connie, next week again."

Since he had aroused the enthusiasm of people so opposite in their tastes and likings as sophisticated Constance and conservative Mrs. Crowley, it was apparent to me that Father Beauprêtre had correctly interpreted the consumer's viewpoint in our New England city at least. I was eager to find out, then, the content of his sermons, but before I could draw breath to ask, Mrs. Patrick Crowley was speaking with the emphasis that, in her, denotes complete satisfaction.

"I'm sorry to have missed the one last week on the vestments and holy vessels of the Mass—not that he could have told me anything I didn't already know, with the years I've headed the Altar and Rosary. Still I would have liked to have heard it. And more than that, the first one you were telling me about, Constance, on the Mass, itself. There's too many people with no more real knowledge of the Holy Sacrifice than when the Book is changed you're late if you come after that, and that when

the altar bell rings for the third time that's the signal for Communion. Oh, they do know a little more than that, I suppose, but I'd hate to have the most of them try to explain the whole thing to a Protestant. As far as accurate knowledge goes, with them it's mostly 'I believe, help thou my unbelief'; I know, indeed, but spare my ignorance. That's about the size of it."

"And today, Mrs. Crowley," broke in Constance, "didn't you think he explained the constitution of the Church material in just the clearest way. With all this talk of political ideologies, wasn't it the nicest thing ever to realize that the Church is the only true and great democracy? I mean that, after all, we are the body of the Church, and from us comes the priests as our representatives, and that the bishops are like senators, and that everything is voted. And all that about diocesan consultors and the chancery courts and all. I had a divine course in ecclesiastical jurisprudence at the convent, but it was an elective . . . and I know most of those people really didn't know a thing about it."

"Cardinals," spoke up Mrs. Crowley with relish. "Cardinals. I always knew I had the straight of it about cardinals; but the breath I've wasted trying to explain it to Mary Ellen Shea. She would have it always that cardinals are over bishops, and I knew well that nobody is over bishops but our Holy Father, himself. And Monsignors the same."

"Next Sunday you positively must go to hear him," Connie said to me. "He's going to take up the Holy Scriptures from the very beginning, their writing and their earliest translations right down to the Douay version."

"I'll be there with bells on," asserted Mrs. Patrick Crowley, "but more, by the same token, I must whisk myself off now. I've just about got time to pop into the convent and tell Reverend Mother all about it before their dinner hour. Goodbye, now."

I parted from the two women, wishing that by some odd chance the new pastor might hear one of Father Beauprêtre's new Sermons for Consumers and see the lighted, eagerly interested faces of the congregation; that he might establish a series of similar sermons at our own old parish church. The High Mass with us, you see, is a repeaters' Mass. The Gospels could very readily be interpreted at the earlier Masses. We would hear and benefit by their explanation. But in our parish, those of us who go to the High have already "received," or—at the very least—been in attendance at the Seven, the Eight or the Nine. Most of us, too, belong to the era before the old parish had its parochial school. We went little farther in knowledge of our religion than the Baltimore Catechism in its simplified version. We do know that by heart. We know the essentials of our religion, but in us all is a great thirst to know more. If a Supreme Pontiff dies we learn of the attendant rites and ceremonies from our daily newspapers; but so do others not of our Fold. We feel conscience-stricken that we should not have known all about it beforehand. We feel we should have been told all this, not left to find it out for ourselves.

It is useless to point out that a thousand books and pamphlets may be had for those who run to read. We are great readers in the old parish, but we are not students, and the ways of even minor research are beyond us.

I wish that I had temerity enough to ask the new pastor to come to Notre Dame de Pitie with

me next Sunday. I wish that I had nerve enough to send him that sentence of Claudel, underlined and scored. In the meantime, I am happy at least that the new and the old in the old parish, Connie Casey and Mrs. Crowley, finally have found an amicable common union in further knowledge of their Church.

# FOOD, CLOTHES, SHELTER— NECESSITIES FOR ALL PEOPLE

First in a series of four articles applying the Encyclicals

JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

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THE fundamental purpose of economic life is single and clear-cut. It is to provide food, clothes and shelter for all human beings; in other words, it is to provide man with the common necessities of material living. Every other purpose man may have in conducting a business or "working for a living" is subsidiary to this basic one, and if he goes contrary to it by conducting his economic endeavors for self-enrichment, power, prestige, he is violating the prime requisite and is quite liable to become a hindrance rather than an asset to the proper functioning of economic life.

Nowhere is this obvious truth pointed out so clearly as in the social Encyclicals of Popes Leo and Pius, and nowhere has it been given a clearer explanation than in the teachings of Catholic sociologists and economists. Still, the thought has not been driven home in the degree that might be expected by a thinking individual. There are vast numbers of persons content to dismiss this fundamental principle both in theory and practice in the economic world. The Popes have spoken, but the world has not listened. Social economists have written, and the world has not read. Further than that; the truth has been admitted by employers and insisted upon by employees, and often enough has not been acted upon by either class.

Because of this surprising disregard of a fact which must have appeared fundamental even to the nomads of the desert, there is a constant necessity for reiterating the words of the Encyclicals and for explaining that they are as important now as they were when primitive man plucked his dinner directly from the fields and made his clothes and shelter with his own hands. That God placed all

things on earth for the benefit of all men, is a thought smacking of platitudes but it is a thought which can never be over-emphasized. The modern method of bringing these things from the productive to the consumptive stage has become a most complex one and it is this complex method of bringing the necessities of life to man which is here understood as "economic life." If a man catches a fish, cleans, prepares and cooks it for himself he is completing in a simple way the exact procedure which is done in a very complicated way when a fish is caught, canned, shipped, distributed and cooked by a variety of laboring persons. Eventually, the two methods of obtaining a fish dinner are the same and they apply to every other article he uses.

Economic life or the "economic cycle of goods" is then no surprise when considered in this fundamental manner. But men rarely think of it in this way. They are more concerned with the personal, individual task they have in the economic scheme of things than with the fundamental purpose of the whole system of production, distribution and consumption. They have forgotten, or perhaps never knew, that the purpose of working, of employing and being employed, of making goods and selling goods, of digging in the earth or sitting at a desk, is not the selfish accumulation of wealth. It is true that labor is a very personal matter to the individual, but there is likewise a social aspect of labor. Both the personal and the social aspect must be taken into consideration in a proper evaluation of the purpose of labor in economic life.

In his important Encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, Pope Pius, commenting upon the compensation which a man deserves for his labor, remarked that



"if the social and individual character of labor be overlooked, it can be neither equitably appraised nor properly recompensed according to strict justice." There can be no doubt cast on the fact that the Pope meant to stress the *social* character of labor, for no one needs a reminder that work is an individual affair. Most of us work for wages, that is, we work for a certain amount of money which will secure for us the necessities of life, and we need not be told that this is a personal and individual matter. But the social aspect of labor is the angle most often lost sight of in the bustle of a work-a-day world. It is the old problem of the particular thing absorbing too much attention at the expense of the general well-rounded whole.

In another place in the same Encyclical, the Pope pointed out that the purpose of economic life could be realized and the whole economic and social order of things soundly established only when there can be secured "for all and each all of those goods which the wealth and resources of nature, technique, and the social organization of economic affairs can give." Hence, these goods must be secured not only for the individual in a particular manner but also for society in a general manner. They should be had in sufficient abundance to supply an honest livelihood and to fulfil *all* the needs of *all* men. They should be widespread to such degree that *all* men are lifted to a higher level of prosperity and culture.

It goes without comment that when the Pope speaks of a "higher" level of prosperity and culture he is taking it for granted that at least the level of decent subsistence has been reached by all men. Likewise it goes without comment that as long as there is a person in the world who, through no fault of his own, is living below this commonly accepted level of livelihood the prime purpose of economic life has not yet been fulfilled. It is for this reason that Pope Pius insisted that all men must work together in a common effort to attain the common purpose. "Brains, capital and labor" must combine together toward this common end, otherwise the purpose of labor, especially in its social aspect, will not be realized. The prosperity and culture of which he speaks cover a very wide field of human advancement, but they refer primarily to the essential needs of all human beings. Once these essentials have been taken care of, the progress of all men can and should go on apace.

The sober fact is that "brains and capital" are never far behind in the accumulation of the necessities of life. The man with an excellent intellect and the man with financial reserves need not often fight for the attainment of the prime purpose of his work. He, individually, is well provided with the means of attaining this purpose, but the worker is frequently enough the victim of circumstances to such degree that it is impossible to realize even the most needed things for himself. With this fact in mind, Pope Pius outlined three important conclusions which must be followed so that the "underprivileged" worker may attain the necessities of life and that the purpose of all economic endeavor may be adequately fulfilled.

Since wages are the means by which the laboring man obtains the necessities of life for himself and his family, the Pope asserts that three factors must be considered in fixing and regulating these means of livelihood. In the Encyclical, *Casti Conubii*, he shows why it must be a *family wage*. In *Quadragesimo Anno* he repeats the same remark and adds two other factors: *the state of particular business*, and *the exigencies of the common good*. When these three factors have been attended to, there is the utmost prospect that both the individual and the social aspect of industry will successfully attain the first objective which has been clearly defined in the Encyclical.

"Every effort must therefore be made," writes the Pope, "that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If, in the present state of society, this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult workingman just such a wage." There surely can be no quibbling with these words. The Father of Christendom sees the necessity for preserving family life and insists that the family man's wage should be so ample that the mother and children need not "engage in gainful occupations." He calls the employment of mothers of families an "intolerable abuse" which must "be opposed with all our strength."

Secondly, the state of the particular business must be considered in the matter of fixing wages. "Bad management, want of enterprise or out-of-date methods" are not just reasons for reducing the workingman's wages. Employers, whose business makes insufficient profits for these reasons, should go out of business. But if unjust taxation and cut-throat competition lessen the profits of any particular enterprise, the workingman cannot blame the employer and must not demand a wage which it is impossible to pay.

"Finally, the wage scale must be regulated with a view to the economic welfare of the whole people." In this passage, the Pope points out a well-known truth: that a wage scale too high as well as one too low will cause unemployment and that the common good of the whole people is endangered by unemployment. He calls it a "dreadful scourge; it causes misery and temptation to the laborer, ruins the prosperity of nations, and endangers public order, peace and tranquility the world over." Social justice demands that opportunities of employment be made for the greatest number of workmen so that they can secure for themselves suitable means of livelihood.

In this last factor we revert again to the very core of the economic problem of our day. The purpose of all economic striving is to secure suitable means of livelihood, to provide the prime necessities of food, clothes and shelters for *all* the people. Anything or any system which does not fulfil its prime objective should be modified or rejected. This truism accounts for all the experimenting and tinkering which social-minded men are now advocating so that modern economic life can return to its original and sole purpose.

## NEGLECTED LAMBS

ONE of the most important, and neglected, Catholic works in this country is the care of our young people who are enrolled in non-Catholic schools and colleges. Probably more than half of our young men and women are in non-Catholic colleges and universities. At least half of our boys and girls are in non-Catholic elementary and secondary schools. Most of these young people, in all likelihood, have received very little religious instruction in their homes. Parents whose first care is, as it should be, the religious welfare of their children, are usually willing to make heroic sacrifices to keep them away from non-Catholic institutions.

The picture, then, is this. The very children who are least protected are daily exposed to assaults upon Faith and morals in their schools. Something must be done for them, if they are to come out of these unhealthy environments with Faith and morals unimpaired. To aid them is a duty of Christian charity. We try to care for the sick in public hospitals, for prisoners in our jails, for our young men who join the army and navy. The same charity should be extended to our young people in non-Catholic schools, especially since many of them are there through no fault of their own. Furthermore, the Holy See has repeatedly expressed its desire that provision be made, as far as this may be possible, for their religious instruction.

It always remains true, of course, that there can be no substitute for the Catholic school. As the Holy Father points out in his *Encyclical on Education*, the only school fit for a Catholic student, whether of elementary, secondary, or collegiate grade, is the Catholic school. Nothing, therefore, can be done by us which would weaken the prescriptions of the Code of Canon Law, or the doctrine taught by Pius XI and his four immediate predecessors, or the regulations laid down for this country by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Any plan to aid Catholic students in non-Catholic schools which allows our Catholic people to conclude that a Catholic or a non-Catholic school for their children is a matter of indifference, would be gravely objectionable since it would be contrary to the law and mind of the Church. Even under the most favorable circumstances, after the case has been examined by the Bishop, and provision made against perversion, attendance at any non-Catholic school is not approved. It is merely *tolerated*. (Canon 1374.)

The discussions on this important work at the National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, held last week in Hartford, will doubtless lead to definite and practicable plans. We can care for the most exposed part of the flock without compromising Catholic thought, and without hindering the work of Catholic educators who have borne the toil and the heat of the day. Charity demands that we care for these young Catholics. Charity, patience and zeal will disclose the best way to care for them. In this campaign, every Catholic must help.

## WIDENING RIFT

WHATEVER else may happen, the Communists will applaud the decision of the committee appointed by John L. Lewis. The union officials dropped by the Martin wing of the automobile workers' union for activities rooted in Communist tendencies have been restored, and all is now open for another Communist drive and another set of unauthorized strikes. It is unfortunate that this decision came at the very moment that the President advised the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. to end their quarrels. The ruling of the Lewis committee widens the rift.

## THE MIGHT

SIXTY years ago, the conception that the time might come when men would drop a tear over the fate of any American railroad would have been classed as akin to insanity. Financially, the railroads were roarily prosperous, or seemed so, and while their operators may not have known much about practical railroading, they were at home as thimble-riggers on Wall Street, and as lobbyists in every State capital. If they did not control politics in a score of States, chiefly in the West and South, popular opinion attributed that power to them. In the public eye, the symbol of all that was corrupt and tyrannical was the railroad, and any attack was justified.

The railroads of today have inherited a bad name, and are still doing penance for the misdeeds of men who have long lain moldering in the grave. Yet within the last decade, a feeling not unlike that of pity has replaced some of the older hatred and distrust, and the public is beginning to admit that not all railroads are dishonestly and inefficiently managed. Their ancient power is certainly broken, whatever it may have been, and the railroad is no longer an enemy which any politician will greatly fear, or a friend that he must conciliate.

Washington has set up a board to regulate, and at times, it is said, to control every railroad in inter-State traffic. The several States do their part to make the way of the railroad hard by imposing heavy taxes. The economic depression of the last nine years has decreased the railroad's income, and the pressure for higher



## REVIVAL

SOME weeks ago, the Dies Committee appeared headed for the rocks. The Committee had done good work, but it seemed that the Congressional appropriation for salary payment was tapering to a vanishing point. Perhaps the Committee has picked up a few dollars; perhaps its employes have agreed to wait for a reimbursing appropriation; but whatever the reason the Committee gives signs of renewed vitality. One point in its favor is that it is hated by Fascists, Nazis, and Communists. If the Committee can hold over until January, another appropriation should be voted.

## THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN!

wages has added to the burden. Meanwhile, people now travel by automobile, and ship their freight by auto-trucks, and the Government diverts more traffic from the railroad by subsidizing waterways. As Lee Miller, a special writer for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, has observed, the President's railroad-wage inquiry "is beginning to look like a post-mortem, an inquest over the remains of a once powerful empire." The mighty have indeed fallen, and their power has passed away.

Over the merits of the conflict between the railroads and the employes which began when the roads ordered a fifteen per-cent wage cut, we can express no opinion. Indeed, considering the mass of testimony already laid before it, the President's board will probably find some difficulty in coming to a reasonable conclusion. The roads assert that the present wage-rate is driving them into bankruptcy, while the unions retort that the real difficulty is poor management, including excessively large salaries to administrators, and a top-heavy capital structure.

The willingness of the workers and of the roads to submit the whole matter to arbitration indicates a common sense which we could wish to see in other large corporations and their employes. If the President's board can find a program acceptable to both, it will do a useful service. But the whole problem of railroad finance goes beyond wages and hours, and, sooner or later, preferably sooner, Congress must consider it.

## TO US IN TURN

WHEN, toward the end of August, extracts from the Joint Pastoral of the Bishops of Germany, issued on August 19, were published in this country, we had but an incomplete picture of the trials which the Church must undergo under the Nazi Government. The full text, recently supplied by the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, confirms all our fears.

It is difficult to single out the one quality which in this noble document evokes our deepest admiration. The Bishops write as Germans, truly devoted to the welfare of their unhappy country, but they write first of all as Catholics to whom the Faith once delivered to the saints is life's most precious possession. Hence the Pastoral is stamped with a character which makes it essentially catholic, for while the Bishops plead for their spiritual children in Germany, they realize that the cause of religion is everywhere imperiled by the growing power of thoroughly secularized, that is, in practice, of atheized governments. In Germany, this secularism has been carried to the conclusions which its principles logically demand. In other countries, it merely awaits the day.

Nor can we assure ourselves that we shall be forever protected against it. True is it that persecution such as the German Catholics have felt has never been known in this country. True, also, is it that in the exercise of our religion we are protected against the Federal and the State Governments by constitutional provisions too plain to be misunderstood. True, again, is it that we are free to build churches and conduct services, and to found and maintain schools of every grade. If for the service rendered the several States, our schools receive no recompense, as they should, from the public funds, they are not hindered in their work, and every attempt to close them has been defeated either by vote of the people, or by ruling of the Supreme Court. It might seem, then, that no danger impends, or at least, no danger against which we are not adequately protected. Yet one need not be a pessimist to question that view. The danger may well be our conviction that no danger exists.

We Catholics are apt to take too much for granted, to rely upon what our fathers have done, forgetting that in every age religion must fight against new foes. It is not at all probable that the horrors of the Know-Nothing riots of more than a century ago, during which unoffending Catholic citizens were slain in the streets, and their homes and places of business burned by mobs, while the officials of State and city stood by complacently, will ever be repeated. But there is a worse persecution than that of fagot and rack and sword. It would seem that after all these centuries Satan has learned that the blood of martyrs is but the seed of the Church, and with diabolic cunning has chosen different means to the same end. No longer will he attack men's bodies; his policy will be to corrupt their hearts by unveiling before their eyes a vision of worldly prosperity, and to break their

spirit by insinuating that they and their children shall be excluded from it as long as they are unwilling to worship the secularized state.

Does the conclusion seem fanciful, far-fetched? It can be found in the Pastoral of the German Bishops, shepherds in a land where only those who submit to the anti-Christian policies of the Government, can hope for advancement.

The choice which the Catholics of Germany are obliged to make—and of their choice we have no doubt—will sooner or later be placed before us. May we, when our day comes, be animated by their strong Faith and devotion. Some among us have already made it, although forced by no Government: those, for instance, to whom religion is a matter of secondary importance; who feel that the proper test for religion is a broad tolerance, not the Divine dogmatism of the teachings of Jesus Christ; who without scruple entrust their children to institutions in which they are daily exposed to subtle dangers to Faith and morals; who loving this world, like Demas, like Demas leave Christ.

The very constitutional provisions which thus far have protected us are attacked by philosophers of the new dispensation, and when we need them most we may turn to find them weakened or destroyed. When our day comes, we can face it with confidence only if in time of peace we have prepared for war. That preparation includes devotion to American ideals of government, but this is not enough. Our first devotion must be to Almighty God and to the Church founded by His Divine Son to teach, guide and rule us. With that preparation we need not fear Satan and all Hell.

## ARE CAPITALISTS HUMAN?

THERE are times when we are tempted to retract or temper the hard things we have said about capitalism and American capitalists. We try to forget how for long years American workers struggled for recognition of their elementary rights, and how they were met by clubs, shot-guns and starvation wages. But in these mellow moments, some crazed capitalist is sure to rise up, and curdle what little we have left of the milk of human kindness.

As we learned from our catechism, every man is made to the likeness and image of God. In those innocent days, we had never encountered a grasping capitalist, and the lesson presented no difficulty, except in memorizing it to the teacher's satisfaction. Grown older in years, experience and personal iniquity, we find it hard to see in the visage of the typical capitalist any traces of the image of God.

But, after all, the capitalist is human. The image of God is in him, and can be discerned, marred and disfigured. He and his system can be saved, although, since both must be parted from evil accretions, the task will be difficult.

That is only another way of saying that violence, even against the capitalist and his system, is not the road along which the worker will walk to prosperity. That method was tried in Russia, and it left the worker a slave.

## THE WEDDING GARMENT

WHAT is the wedding garment about which Saint Matthew (xxii, 1-14) tells us in tomorrow's Gospel? Evidently, it is something extremely valuable, for those who receive and keep it remain at the banquet table of the king, but those who are found without it are cast forth "into the exterior darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Commentators agree generally that the theme of this Gospel is the Church of Christ. All are invited to enter it, but some hang back. They go, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, for these are wholly taken up with the things of this world. Others, however, actually resent the invitation of the king. They lay hands on his messengers, and put them to death. What happens to the indifferent and to the worldly-minded, we are not told, but the violent are slain, and their cities burned.

But after this, a great crowd of people, gathered from the highway, "both good and bad," come into the feast prepared by the king. Either they bring a ceremonial garment with them, "the wedding garment," or it is provided by the king at the door of the banquet hall. Courtesy to the host requires that this garment be worn throughout the feast. To take it off, would be much like attending a modern formal dinner in one's shirtsleeves.

One of the guests, however, is guilty of this discourtesy. When the host asks him where the wedding garment is, he has no answer. Thereupon he is bound, and cast into "exterior darkness."

It is the common teaching of the commentators that Our Lord is here speaking of His Church to which all are invited. Obviously, many do not accept this invitation. Before the end of the first century, wicked men had slain all but one of Christ's messengers, the Apostles. Since that time, in every age, Christ's messengers have died on the rack and the scaffold, under the sword of the executioner, after long drawn out agonies, or in one swift moment of Calvary. At the same time, uncounted millions have accepted the invitation, and have come into the banquet hall, the Church of God, bearing the wedding garment, sanctifying grace, conferred through holy Baptism. When found on the wayside some are "good" and some are "bad," but all are regenerated before they sit down at the marriage feast.

But not all who entered have kept the wedding garment. Through their own fault, they have thrown it aside by sin, and have been found without it when the master of the feast approached. It is terrifying to think of their end in darkness, a lot from which they cannot escape. The lesson is that not membership in Christ's Church, but a life in accordance with Christ's precepts, will save us.

Yet it is consoling to think that of all the guests assembled at one time, only one was found without the wedding garment. Do we press the parable too far in asserting that few Catholics are lost? We think not. God is infinitely just, but He is also infinitely merciful and loving, and we Catholics, curious folk as we are, are His favorite children.



# CHRONICLE

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**PEACE AND WAR.** Both the President and the Secretary of State declined to comment on the Munich four-Power pact, but the President, after praising the Secretary and his associates, said that the crisis had been real, not factitious. "I am not undertaking to pass on the merits of the differences to which the four-Power pact related," said the Secretary, adding, "but as to immediate peace results, it is unnecessary to say that what has happened affords a universal sense of relief." Nor would the President discuss disarmament, referring press inquirers to his past statements on this subject. . . . It was announced by the press that this country was deficient in twenty-one "strategic war supplies," including aluminum, chromium and rubber, and that American manufacturers hoped to deliver some 500 military planes ordered by France and Great Britain.

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**LABOR NEWS.** The executive council of the A.F. of L., on October 2, attacked John L. Lewis as responsible for the break between the two great labor organizations, and declared that the Labor Board had entered into "an unholy alliance" with the C.I.O. As the convention progressed, it became evident that if peace were to be secured, the first move would have to be made by the C.I.O. On the following day President Green, addressing the convention in Houston, pointed out that John L. Lewis had failed to say one word against Communism in his speech in Mexico City, and accused Lewis of aiming to replace the A.F. of L. with an organization modeled on the Communistic plan of "one big union." Quoting from an anti-Communist pamphlet published by Lewis in 1924, Mr. Green declared that Lewis "is now attempting to do what he prophesied the Communists were going to do," namely to "wipe out the A.F. of L., and to convert all craft trade unions into industrial unions." . . . In his letter of October 4 to the convention, President Roosevelt asked the A.F. of L. to discuss "ways for steady employment of labor, and increasing the annual purchasing power." He advised the delegates "to make and keep the peace between various opinions and factions within the labor group itself."

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**MUNICH.** Four Powers, Germany, England, France and Italy, in the persons of Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier and Mussolini, held conference at Munich, on September 30. They met, agreed and adjourned, within the space of nine hours. Hitler secured for Germany all that he demanded in the Godesberg memorandum. . . . The Munich agreement, issued at the end of the conference, gave the terms and conditions of the cession to Germany of the Sudeten German territory. With the approval of the four Powers, the evacuation of this area by Czecho-

slovakia was set for October 1, the next day. It was stipulated that no property or other damage be done, the Czech Government to be held responsible for destruction of existing installations. Occupation by Germany, in four specified territories, would proceed from October 1 to 7. An international commission, representing the four Powers and Czechoslovakia, would determine the details of further occupation of predominantly German areas before October 10. This commission, likewise, would determine where plebiscites would be held, would mark out the borders between Germany and Czechoslovakia. The four Powers, finally, gave guarantees that these borders would be safeguarded and Czech independence assured. It was further agreed that the problem of Polish and Hungarian minorities in Czechoslovakia, if not amicably settled, would be discussed by the Powers within three months. . . . A private conversation between Hitler and Chamberlain, following the conference, brought Germany and Great Britain to closer friendship. The joint communiqué stated that both the Fuehrer and the Prime Minister regarded Anglo-German relations as "of the first importance for the two countries and of Europe," recognized "the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again," resolved "that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries."

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**SUDETENLAND.** Konrad Henlein, Sudeten leader, was appointed Reich Commissioner, responsible to Hitler alone. . . . As ordered at Munich, the Czechs, dismayed, consisting of the army and about half the population, on October 1, evacuated the first zone, to the south, that lying along the Bavarian-Austrian border. The German army of peaceful invasion followed on the heels of the retreating Czechs, and penetrated to a depth of about nine miles. There were some attacks on the Czechs. The Sudeten Germans hailed the entry of the liberating troops. . . . Zone 2, consisting of sparsely settled lands along the northern border, about ten miles deep, was smoothly occupied by German troops on October 2. The Germans followed about two miles behind the retiring Czech army. . . . The most important zone three, to the west of former Czechoslovakia, including Karlsbad, Marienbad, Asch, Eger, and the Czech "Maginot Line" was invaded on October 3. The Fuehrer symbolized the entire restoration conquest of the Sudetenland by a triumphal entry into Eger, home town of Henlein. Before roaring crowds, he greeted his new people, vowed that the Sudetenland would never again be torn from the Reich, and proclaimed that "your happiness is the happiness of 75,000,000 Germans and your sorrow has been the sorrow of all until a

few days ago." . . . Zone 4, in upper Moravia, toward the Polish border, was taken over, as scheduled on October 6. . . . The international commission, consisting of the four Powers and Czechoslovakia, on October 5, delimited a widespread area, called the fifth zone, and awarded it to Germany. The plan of a plebiscite in parts of this area, as agreed at Munich, was abandoned, with both German and Czech consent. Both countries wished to avoid further unrest and possible disorder. Zone 5 included about 5,000 square miles along nearly the entire border, about one-fourth of the 20,000 square miles of the new Sudetenland.

**CZECHOSLOVAKIA.** The inevitable turning-point in the surrender of Czechoslovakia came on October 5, when President Eduard Benes resigned office. He was co-founder of the Republic with Masaryk. For seventeen years he served as Foreign Minister, and in 1935 succeeded Masaryk as President. He was responsible for the Soviet and French alliances. Pressure for his resignation, apart from the failure of the Government in regard to the Sudetenland, came from Hitler and the Czech army leaders. In his letter of resignation he stated: "I feel that my remaining in office might constitute an obstacle to the new conditions which now confront this State." In his farewell address, he asserted that he "was elected under different conditions." The new conditions require a new executive. "We are to become a national State, a State of Czechs and Slovaks. This will give the State a strong, moral basis, and I shall look with hope on our national future." . . . Until the new President is elected by the National Assembly, within fourteen days, and even after election through a six-month period, the new Premier, General Jan Syrový, will carry on the Government. . . . The Cabinet under Premier Syrový was reconstructed. It offered more representation to the Slovak parties, and was built along lines that would promote closer relationship with Germany and Italy. The army held a preponderating influence. . . . The Government, having accepted the Munich settlement, since no other course was possible, as they declared, and "under protest to the world," managed to preserve order throughout the country. The army, likewise, having accepted the partition, counseled calm and confidence in the Government. The situation, however, was pregnant with danger, although the populace remained silent, sullen and bitter. . . . The voluntary agreements with Poland and Hungary were expedited in accordance with the policy of the Government.

**HUNGARY.** Insisting upon the cession of its former territories from Czechoslovakia, Hungary proposed an immediate conference with Prague officials at Komarom. But with the change of the Czech Cabinet and the appointment of a new Foreign Minister by the Czechoslovakian Government, the Budapest diplomats agreed to a brief postponement of the conference. Observers saw serious obstacles to the contemplated handing over of Ruthenia to Hun-

gary. Rumania would object violently, it was said, to being cut off from access to Prague, and Germany would not approve of a frontier junction between Poland and Hungary.

**ENGLAND.** Prime Minister Chamberlain returned from Munich September 30 to receive a wildly enthusiastic London reception. However, Mr. Chamberlain and his Cabinet had yet to face a somewhat disgruntled, if not organized minority in the House of Commons, some of whom had already vented their displeasure with the "Cliveden set." . . . Next day the stage was set for the opposition by the resignation of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Alfred Duff Cooper, a firm protagonist of adequate military preparedness during his two-year term as Secretary of State for War. He was reported to have been the only Cabinet member of the twenty-one to dissent from the Berchtesgaden plan. . . . On Monday the Prime Minister, after defending his actions during the eventful week, disclosed that the British Government had authorized a loan of £10,000,000 to the Czech Government for economic reconstruction, refugee resettlement and kindred purposes. In the debate which followed, the "peace with honor" was viciously resented by Laborites and Right Wing Conservatives.

**FRANCE.** Observers noted that by obtaining his grant of delegated powers M. Daladier, the Radical Socialist Premier, had broken up the two-year-old Popular Front and had rid himself of both Communist and Socialist influence. The Communists voted against the grant and against the Munich agreement; the Socialists, under M. Blum, refrained from voting at all. Yet the Premier won his request in the Chamber and carried the Senate with an opposition of any four votes.

**SPAIN.** The stalemate on all fronts that prevailed during the uncertainty of the Czechoslovakia situation continued, except for some minor offensives on the part of the Nationalists along the Ebro in the section of the Lavell de la Torre Mountains in the vicinity of Mora de Ebro, where severe fighting was reported. The Barcelona Government announced a counter-offensive in the region between Tremp and Sort to relieve the pressure on the Ebro front.

**POLAND.** The Czechs withdrew from the Tedschen area and a Polish army took over the district shortly after the Prague Government acceded to the ultimatum from Warsaw. The Poles, rejecting a British-French offer for mediation, had massed an army of 200,000 men along the border, and these were ready to move into the disputed territory upon refusal or further delay by Prague. The terms sent by Poland and agreed to by Czechoslovakia provided for plebiscites in other districts, their dates and extent to be fixed by almost immediate negotiations between the two Governments.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

EDITOR: According to the *New York Times*, the ten-year olds of New York's progressive public schools will take an imaginary three months' bus trip this Fall in place of the regular classroom procedure, "thus getting first-hand contact with the philosophy expounded by John Dewey and W. H. Kilpatrick."

Now, the imaginary trip as a peg whereon to hang general information is no more original than a single one of the other stunts, good or bad, claimed by progressives. The scheme was elaborated at Columbia Teachers' College, although it originated long ago and far away—before either of these progressive gentlemen came to town. It was taught in State normal schools and engrafted on many public schools long years before the society of progressive educators had invented itself. At that time the plan had a richer character, since it called for effort on each child's part, the drawing of maps, locating of industries, and so on. Now it asks for mere passive reading, the curse of an over-schooled era.

Again, the earlier teachers would have recognized the unsuitability of a travel course, real or imaginary, for children who had not mastered the elements of the three R's and learned how to learn. Neither would such teachers fall into the error of saying: "These little ones will learn all about United States history." Judging by his political vagaries, Dr. Dewey himself might still learn a thing or two about this country's history.

Where is godless, workless, thinkless, progressive education leading the land? Today's news tells of a high school near Philadelphia governed by a board of racketeers—older pupils who demand and receive protection money from the little chaps for non-molestation. Since the school authorities cannot handle the situation, the police have been asked to do so.

Minerva, N. Y.

ELLA F. LYNCH

## FREE SPEECH: PRO AND CON

EDITOR: I heartily congratulate AMERICA for the editorials (September 17, 24) against the policy of the National, Columbia and Mutual Broadcasting Systems refusing their facilities to Father Coughlin "under any consideration."

Such action (for reasons given in AMERICA), it seems to me, should be promptly and strenuously resented, not only by the press, both secular and religious, the pulpit and the rostrum, but by every liberty-loving citizen of the United States, regardless of race, color or creed.

However, the public press and the pulpits appear

to have ignored the matter entirely, and I believe the same may be said of religious periodicals generally. AMERICA appears to be the exception. They all want freedom of speech for everybody but Father Coughlin; he must be suppressed and laboriously forgotten, because though the lark sings in his words, "the buzzard is still on the wing."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

D. DOWNING

EDITOR: You seem to think that Father Coughlin deserves sympathy in his radio activity. I cannot see it. Father Coughlin had the respect of everyone until he began to call names. When an orator runs low in ability or his reasons for his stand, he calls names.

This is once when justice is being done. It is hard enough to be a real Catholic without having to carry an explanation for Father Coughlin. Don't you think you are trying to do something that ought not to be done?

Detroit, Mich.

JOHN PALMER

## FRIEND

EDITOR: Please be a little more guarded in your language! The expression "some bibulous cartoonist" was not necessary to your point and is not a nice way to refer to Mr. Rollin Kirby, cartoonist for the late *World*, who created the Prohibition goblin with the tall black hat. The characterization does not even fit Mr. Kirby, who is an artist and a gentleman.

New York, N. Y.

J. H. B. HOFFMANN

## WANTS AN AMENDMENT

EDITOR: Sometime there will probably be a war in Europe. At that time pressure will likely be brought to bear to get us into the war. As long as the Allies still owe us so much money (and long may they owe it to us) we are not likely to get into a war outside our own shores.

I shall not propose anything new, but it cannot too often be insisted on that the name and addresses should be carefully taken by us all of those men who try to involve us in a war outside our own country, be they money-kings, munition-makers, politicians, liberals, Communists, editors, owners of papers, and especially controllers of papers, yes, and high officials in state and country—even to the highest. Then, when and if we get into the war, the above-named gentlemen, if they deserve that name, should be put into the front lines on the battle front. They are so anxious for the war, let them prove it.

Who will attend to this? We, the American people. If the young men of this country are to bleed,

let those bleed first who make them bleed. Before that there will be some sane diplomacy. Those who got us into the last war did no fighting themselves. They never do.

All of us are ready to bleed in defense of our beloved country, but why get mixed up in European differences? We shall never be thanked for it and our boys will die in vain.

Buffalo, N. Y.

PAUL R. CONNIFF, S.J.

## EVERY WOMAN A QUEEN

EDITOR: I call attention to your article entitled *I Am Royalty for an Afternoon* (September 10).

The title is based, and much of the article, on the assumption that the rooms of Saint Ignatius in Rome are not open to women unless they are "royalty." It would be interesting to know how the author could have got such an idea, and also why anybody could imagine that the Jesuit Fathers would admit a lady of royal rank into a sanctuary which they closed to more humble members of her sex.

As a matter of fact there is a notice (or there was when I left Rome in July) on the street door which leads to the rooms giving particulars of the days and hours when they can be visited by the public, and no mention is made of the exclusion of women. I have been some years in Rome, and during all that period I and many of my women friends have frequently heard Mass in the rooms of Saint Ignatius. I have never encountered the least objection to my presence.

However, I notice that the author of this article is a poetess; so perhaps in this matter and other vagaries in the same article she is but exercising a little poetic license!

Rome, Italy

FREDERICA PRICE

## MORALS AND THE STATE

EDITOR: In his letter (*AMERICA*, September 24) E. J. says: "In my opinion the state is bound by the same law as the individual." If by this he means that the moral law, expressed by the Commandments, binds both the individual and the state, he need not hold it as an opinion, for it is an absolute fact. But this is not the point that Ward Clarke brought out in the article which E. J. criticizes. Mr. Clarke maintained, and rightly so, that states are not bound by the counsels of perfection. E. J. confuses precepts and counsels by employing the word *dictates*.

I would point out to E. J. that the state as such, while always subject to the moral law, is not subject to it in the same way as the individual. The distinction is founded on the fact that, while the state is a temporal entity with a natural end, the individual person has an immortal soul and a supernatural end. The fact that states are collections of individuals does not do away with the fact that the character and destiny of the state is distinct from the character and destiny of the individual.

God's Commandments, which affect governments as well as individuals, oblige under sin and positive penalty, but His counsels, which refer only to individuals, are moral recommendations, the observance of which is optional.

It is regrettable that there are some who would impose on the state as an obligation that which God leaves to the free choice of the individual—namely, the following of the counsel of non-resistance to an unjust aggressor.

St. Mary's, Kans.

WM. P. ALLEN

## LITURGICAL LANGUAGES

EDITOR: Several weeks ago we ran an editorial comment in *AMERICA* about the various languages of the Catholic Mass. We found that the Holy Sacrifice is offered in at least twelve tongues—the Roman Mass in Latin, and the Eastern Liturgies in eleven other languages.

I believe now that we ought to revise this statement and raise the total from twelve to thirteen.

I am told that the great majority of Croats living in Yugo-Slavia are Catholics, and that there is a Concordat (not yet fully approved, however) between the Vatican and the Government. By the terms of this Concordat, Catholics are permitted to have their Mass in the vernacular.

What makes this so interesting is the fact that the Croatian Catholics have the Roman, not the Byzantine, Mass. Their Liturgy, in every prayer and ceremony, is exactly like the Mass we attend in our own churches, except for its language.

Hence we ought to correct our recently published paragraph to read as follows: Within the Catholic Church the Mass is celebrated in thirteen tongues. The Eastern Liturgies are offered in eleven languages; the Roman Mass is offered in Latin, but in Yugo-Slavia, by a unique privilege, it is said in Croatian.

New York, N. Y.

GERARD DONNELLY, S.J.

## REASONABLE MAN

EDITOR: Browsing in the August 20 issue of *AMERICA* some two weeks late I almost made a grave mistake. A headline, *While Spain Burns They Strum Impartially*, had me about to ignore the body of the article and pass it over with the comment: "Some more hysterical polemics not worth the time of a man in a hurry."

Luckily my impatient eye caught the name La Farge before my at least equally impatient thumb and forefinger had flipped the page, and I read on. I'm glad I did, for I found Father LaFarge's article a reasoned, clear presentation. I venture to say it is as sanely persuasive a treatment as the tragic civil war has produced.

Any reasonable man will find it hard to disregard the argument given by Father LaFarge. I cast a vote for more such light-laden articles in *AMERICA*, and less of the red-faced heated ones.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. CHARLES OWEN RICE



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## DIALOG WITH AN ANGEL, WITH SOME HELPS FROM REVELATION

LEONARD FEENEY

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*Man:* It is impossible to hold a conversation with you.

*Angel:* Why?

*Man:* Why? Because I must do both the talking and the answering. You never answer.

*Angel:* That is not true. I do answer.

*Man:* I never hear you.

*Angel:* Do you expect me to make sounds?

*Man:* A little sound wouldn't hurt.

*Angel:* But I am a pure spirit. I have no dimensions, no body, no mouth, nor hands, nor any instrument of noise. Do you want me to stop being an angel?

*Man:* You might accommodate yourself to me as a man. I have a body. I have ears.

*Angel:* Why should I stay outside your ears when I can go straight to your intellect? What good to knock at a door which one can pass through?

*Man:* It might let the occupant know that you have arrived.

*Angel:* In which case the arrival would not be an angel. . . .

*Man:* But something very much more satisfactory. Something one could see and feel and hear, not simply guess at, as I am now doing with you.

*Angel:* You will simply have it that I must stop being an angel if I am to continue to exist. Is that not it?

*Man:* No, that's not it. But why not materialize, assume some shape, and appear to me? It would make this conversation less nonsensical. . . .

*Angel:* And likewise very much less angelical. An angel with a shape is a nonsense. Would you prefer to know me as I am not, rather than to know me as I am.

*Man:* But do I know you at all?

*Angel:* You seem to know me well enough to abuse me. I think maybe you do not like angels.

*Man:* I must confess I find them very tiresome.

*Angel:* You mean you find your own brain very tiresome, with all its convolutions, its water and its pulp. I cannot be tiresome who am lighter even than your own thoughts.

*Man:* Excuse me if I yawn. (*He yawns.*) I am no longer interested. I shall employ my poor soggy

brain in thinking about things I can feel and see. *Angel:* And will you find in them any real satisfaction?

*Man:* A certain satisfaction. That kind at least which you are unable to give me.

*Angel:* Would you like me to go?

*Man:* Nobody said "Would you like me to go?" I have just fancied that you said it. I simply supply you with words I think you might say if I were sure you are here.

*Angel:* But you are not sure?

*Man:* No.

*Angel:* You are not sure of what God has revealed? Has He not promised to give me charge over you "lest you dash your foot against a stone?"

*Man:* I am quite unaware of any influences you have upon my feet.

*Angel:* Just at present I am trying to keep you from dashing your head against a rock.

*Man:* What do you mean?

*Angel:* Would you not prefer the impact of a rock upon your head to the soft fusion of your spirit with mine? You have said as much.

*Man:* I did not really mean to say you are not here. I meant I do not know whether or not I am talking to you. God did not say that every time I fancy myself talking to you I really am doing so.

*Angel:* I should be a rather poor Guardian Angel if I paid no attention to you precisely at the time when you are paying attention to me. Should I not?

*Man:* Really, I cannot be bothered with this subject any longer. It's all too stupid. If you're here, stay here. If you know what I am saying to you, you are welcome to know it. But certainly I have no way of knowing that you know it.

*Angel:* Isn't that rather silly talk?

*Man:* Now you can't tell me that anybody said "Isn't that rather silly talk?" Nobody said it. I just made it up in my own mind, and in writing it down I am supposing myself to have supposed what you might possibly have said if you were aware of what I am thinking.

*Angel:* You have to become very involved in order to get rid of me, don't you? You have to take

refuge in a muddled, complex sentence. Angels de-  
test complexity.

*Man:* What do they like, then?

*Angel:* Simplicity.

*Man:* Well then, very simply: Am I thinking about  
you?

*Angel:* If not, what are you thinking of?

*Man:* A possible angel who may or may not be  
present to me.

*Angel:* But God has said there is a real angel where  
you suppose the possible one to be.

*Man:* But not that the real angel knows that I am  
thinking about him.

*Angel:* What do you think that I think you are  
thinking about?

*Man:* I do not know.

*Angel:* Oh I see. So we may put it this way: I who  
am always thinking about you do not know when  
you are thinking about me.

*Man:* No, I admit that you know that I am think-  
ing about you.

*Angel:* But you did not say that before. Or rather,  
you said it, and then retracted it.

*Man:* Well, now I admit it. But this is what I do not  
admit. I do not admit that we are holding a con-  
versation.

*Angel:* Because I make no sounds in your ears?

*Man:* Don't you see what I mean? I grant you that  
being an angel, you are not supposed to make  
sounds. But a soundless conversation from my side  
is quite impossible.

*Angel:* And so you can never hold a conversation  
with an angel unless he becomes a man?

*Man:* We are certainly not holding a conversation!

*Angel:* What are we holding?

*Man:* We are holding a monolog.

*Angel:* How can two persons hold a monolog?

*Man:* How can one person hold a conversation?

*Angel:* How can *WE* be *ONE* person?

*Man:* But is there a you?

*Angel:* You have already admitted that.

*Man:* But I have not admitted. . . .

*Angel:* What have you not admitted?

*Man:* I have not admitted . . . just a minute and I  
shall tell you what I have not admitted. . . . I have  
not admitted that the you to whom I am attribut-  
ing the thoughts I am thinking you are thinking,  
are really thinking the thoughts I am thinking you  
are thinking.

*Angel:* Involved again, I see! Worse than before!

*Man:* That last sentence of mine may be a bit in-  
volved, but it is unanswerable.

*Angel:* Naturally I cannot answer it if you are un-  
willing to admit that the answer you suppose I am  
answering is really the answer you suppose I am  
answering. Now how do you like me in an involved  
sentence? Let me hear you answer that?

*Man:* Who is the one who is talking to me when I  
suppose you are talking to me?

*Angel:* Whom do you think?

*Man:* Nobody.

*Angel:* Can nobody talk to somebody?

*Man:* But somebody can talk to himself. That's  
what I am doing, I am talking to myself.

*Angel:* It took you a long time to find that out.

*Man:* It wouldn't have, if you hadn't interfered  
with me.

*Angel:* I interfered? That's splendid!

*Man:* I mean unless I were fool enough to imagine  
that you were interfering.

*Angel:* Isn't it marvelous what trouble this imagi-  
nary angel is causing you?

*Man:* Yes, it is.

*Angel:* It's hard to see how a real angel could be  
more bothersome, isn't it?

*Man:* Of course, I'm causing myself all the bother.

*Angel:* Are you both angel and man, to say that  
you can fight yourself this way?

*Man:* No. But I am supplying you a part and try-  
ing to imagine what you would say if you were  
saying anything.

*Angel:* Are you sure I am saying nothing?

*Man:* Well for goodness' sake, this is a make-be-  
lieve story! You certainly are not writing the script  
for your own part, are you?

*Angel:* Naturally I cannot write.

*Man:* Nor are you thinking it.

*Angel:* No?

*Man:* You can't be thinking what I am thinking.

*Angel:* You don't say?

*Man:* Well you certainly are not my intellect.

*Angel:* Are you thinking your own intellect?

*Man:* No, but I am thinking thoughts *with* my own  
intellect.

*Angel:* About me.

*Man:* But you are not those thoughts!

*Angel:* I am the object of them.

*Man:* But you don't cause them!

*Angel:* Every object causes the thought of it in  
some way. But let's not go into that. Can you think  
of nothing in a thought?

*Man:* I can have a sort of a thought about nothing.

*Angel:* And am I that nothing?

*Man:* In the way I am thinking about you, you are.

*Angel:* Then why are you so exasperated at me if  
I am nothing?

*Man:* I am exasperated at my own idea of the  
nothing I conceive you to be.

*Angel:* But conceived as nothing, I am not the  
angel God sent to guide you.

*Man:* No, the angel God sent to guide me is real,  
but the angel with whom I am holding this conver-  
sation is an imaginary angel to whom I am at-  
tributing thoughts of my own.

*Angel:* But you began this conversation by want-  
ing an imaginary angel to materialize and make  
sounds. That's even worse than wanting a real  
angel to do so.

*Man:* I admit there were certain inconsistencies on  
my part in the beginning of this conversation.

*Angel:* And the imaginary angel cleared them up  
for you?

*Man:* I cleared them up for myself.

*Angel:* Really, you seem to be a better angel when  
you play the part of an angel than I am.

*Man:* I think that's true.

*Angel:* My dear man! My dear philosopher!

*Man:* Now I know that you are not a real angel. . . .

*Angel:* My dear child!

*Man:* Now I know that you are!



# BOOKS

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## OUR POLICY OF ISOLATION

THE UNITED STATES AND WORLD ORGANIZATION, 1920-1930. By Denna Frank Fleming. Columbia University Press. \$4

DURING the past two decades, ever since the United States refused to assist in the building of the League of Nations, a dead hand has rested over the consideration in this country of questions relating to international organization. It was not always so. The United States suggested a postal union in 1862, challenged slavery in Africa at the Berlin Conference of 1885, sponsored the first International American Conference at Washington in 1889, urged a permanent organization at the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907, and exercised an energetic influence to preserve a European equilibrium at Algeiras in 1906. We were glad to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and the liberation of its peoples in 1917. Even before the guns were silenced, a great many Americans renewed their determination that an escape from international anarchy should be found. That such an escape has not yet been found may be attributed, in the words of the late Frank Simonds, to the fact that our Government continues to cherish the eagle as a domestic symbol but turns instinctively to the ostrich for an example whenever a question of foreign policy arises.

This spirited, well-documented chronicle describes the chief events of world politics, as they centered around the League and the United States, from the downfall of the structure of "Normalcy," which was erected in 1920, down to the spring of 1933. Professor Fleming follows, as simultaneously as possible, the unfolding of developments in both hemispheres and includes some record of the varied activities of the League, with extended accounts of the crises in its life. A final chapter, entitled "Toward the Future," summarizes the tragic results of what the author regards as the shameful betrayal of the greatest promise of peace ever held out to mankind. He believes that the relation which the United States shall have to the League is still the most crucial question confronting the nation and the world. So long as that issue is not settled, he asserts, the international situation may be expected to deteriorate.

Professor Fleming's desire to bring about a reign of justice and order in international affairs and his ardent adherence to League principles are highly commendable. The very intensity of his feeling, however, has somewhat blinded him in estimating the extent of the early opposition to the League. This hostility was not altogether confined to Republican Irreconcilables and to certain indignant racial groups (p. 38). Similarly the Ku Klux Klan and the Irish organizations (strange bedfellows!) were not alone in challenging the effort of the Harding-Hughes Administration to adhere to the World Court (p. 246). Beneath these springs of opposition lay the deep-seated and sincere hesitation of many citizens to depart from what they believed to be the traditional national policy of abstention from European entanglements.

American repudiation undoubtedly crippled the League severely in its manifold activities. Whether American participation would have resulted in bringing about territorial and other necessary adjustments peacefully is today an academic question. The rising tides of Communism, which Professor Fleming ignores, and Fascism, which he too strongly emphasizes, present a problem of world-wide magnitude that can be solved either by our entry into the League, by some other plan of collective

security, or, what is least likely, by a policy of isolation and strict neutrality. The success of any one of these solutions depends ultimately upon the strength of the Christian resurgence which must have its origin, not in Europe or Asia, but in our own hearts.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

## PATRICIAN LORE IN GRACEFUL MEASURES

I FOLLOW SAINT PATRICK. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3

EVERY man should reverence the Apostle of his country. But when a country owes its all in religion and much in its social being to one who has stamped his personality on its national spirit, the debt is unique, tremendous. If Ireland shares much of its greatness to the steadfast, enduring personality of its national Apostle, it should be the aim of its sons to be steeped in the tradition of the Saint and their proud boast to be acquainted with his history.

Ireland owes an enduring tribute of thanks to scholars like Archbishop Healy, Professors Bury, Macalister and McNeil, Mrs. Concannon and the rest who have helped to evoke the picture of the living man from the mists of the past. Ireland possesses "the most credible and accountable past in the heroic period of any nation's glory. What have we done with it? We have left it to legend and tradition to become a tale told by idiots. While even the dumb land heaves up in a mute appeal to us not to be unmindful of the nobles who have gone." Forceful language, like its author. But it is surely true that her children should have their attention turned from pagan folklore, fairies and Druids, beyond the Abbey Theatre, to their nation's heroic period.

But instead of bewailing the past let us, with a kindly guide awaiting, hop in his chariot or rather for the nonce step gingerly into his *curragh*, to lead us with King Nial of the Hostages on his foray along the valleys of Gaul. Though the Sea King is treacherously murdered on the expedition, it has the compensation of bringing captives from Britain, among whom is a lad, to be sold into slavery who will bring more renown and service to Ireland than all the High Kings, Nial and even Cormac. This attack was made on the present Welsh coast, near where St. David's head juts out nearest the coast of Ireland.

Wales, did you say? Yes. But your kindly guide will sail you to Daventry, Dumbarton on the Clyde, along the banks of the Severn, through South Wales and even to Boulogne, if you have the mind. He will show you how unlikely, in degree, are all these contentions for little Patrick's home, the Tavern Town of the *Confession* (*Bannavem Tabernae*). But when you alight near St. David's Head, visit Patrick's Chapel and Well, reconstruct the scene in the Roman days, though there is no tavern with the Saint's name over the door, you realize your search is through and you can follow Patrick to the Irish coast. But stay not, since your peregrinations have just begun. You have to journey to Slemish in distant Ulster, cross the Border, hear the Drums of Lambeg, the Craigavon, defense-complex against the entry of new ideas, satisfied with "the authority and infallibility of the Boyne."

You will follow the young man Patrick in his escape, his journey to Inver Dea on the Wicklow Coast, to Gaul and distant Lerins, and if incidents here seem few for a twenty years' stay it is because they were years of study

and monastic silence. Haste is in order, too, for another twenty years await you, as Adzehead, the mitred one, traverses Ireland to Ulidia of his slavery, down to the plains of the Midlands, to the Hill of Tara of the Kings, across the Shannon to the Reek, the Peak of the Eagle, to whose summit countless thousands of Irish pilgrims have since wended; yes even to distant Carey Island in the Western Sea.

And if your pilgrim steps ever lag and the foot-flesh sears, as Patrick's must have often, your alert, informative guide will lighten the road with Claudian, poet of the Roman decline and regale you with the dying Hadrian's inimitable soliloquy to his soul. The guide meanwhile does his own share of white magic, evoking spirits and sprites while you waited, especially the ever ready Father Paddy, who never let the magician down and proved his only serious contender for the honors of banter and repartee.

And now for all who have followed so far, a great revelation awaits. The horrid fact is our *cicerone* is none other than the author of *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, of blessed memory. Some prize is due me for restraint as I claim to be the only reviewer who did not spill the news in the first paragraph. Your literary dilettante has turned historical psychologist. Though Mr. Belloc can strike the light fantastic, his entry was not through Sackville Street. And lest the impression of historical dilettantism reach the reader, I want to assert that to my uncritical mind, Dr. Gogarty has made a good case for his reconstructed Patrick and manifests in his Higher-Criticism good horse sense and a nose for the trail. The conjecture of Bishop Fogarty, approved by the author, identifying King Dichu's wife with the daughter of Milchu, the slave master, seems rational and enlightening. Only let the good Doctor beware of the Dublin Rationalists and the young medicos of Merion Street.

But these are only ripples on an emerald lake bathed in an early afternoon autumn sun. If the impression has not been conveyed that this is an altogether delightful book, this reviewer should be sent to Lough Derg. The reader that remains unimpressed has no *gradh* for Saint Patrick and fine writing. Belloc keeps coming between me and the writer. I believe with the author and deplore the neglect of the heroic period in Irish history. If the gifted author has forsaken Aesculapius for Herodotus, some of Belloc's impersonality would be advisable.

Calpurn's great son has become everybody's Saint Patrick, and in these days of super-nationalism all will assuredly enjoy this sweet record of the Britain youth with proud citizenship under the faltering Eagles, born in modern Wales, a slave within Orange Ulster nigh to Portadown and Lambeg, a student in Gaul, blessed by the spiritual power of the new Rome for his glorious mission, one who never gloried in his race, as well he might, but gave twenty hard years of his full manhood to leave his indelible imprint on a people that at home, expatriate, became abroad vagabond for Christ, helped the onward course of culture at large and never found difficulty in adapting itself to the customs and polity of any man's land.

WILLIAM J. BENN

## LONG AGO IN THE OLD PARISH

THE OLD PARISH. By Doran Hurley. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2

TO the readers of AMERICA Doran Hurley is no stranger. His interesting relations of manners and methods in a bygone day have often delighted them in the pages of this Review. They will not be disappointed in further acquaintance with some old friends and others, newer but no less entertaining, who figure in this collection of nineteen of his stories published elsewhere. He wishes us to think that the Old Parish has no definite geograph-

ical location on the map of New England, but the sophisticated of his admirers can place it in many nooks of that favored section, or match it easily nearer home.

The "church mice," the *voteen*, the society oracle, the old pastor himself, his housekeeper, the modernistic iconoclasts of the younger generation, echo the famous song of the trenches: "Each heart recalled a different name but all sang 'Annie Laurie.'" We have had various sorts of folk books and region stories: Hillbillies, Share-Croppers, Moonshiners, Lonesome Pines, and whatnot else. Why should not a generous and practical welcome be given to Doran Hurley's plain and simple people, Irish in their racial affiliations, true to their old traditions and customs in spite of an unsympathetic environment? "We have our pride," they tell us, "but it is a decent pride in decent things. We are proud of our Faith and proud of our ancestral heritage, and proud we are Americans."

It is pleasant to know that Doran Hurley does not consider he has exhausted the material in this attractive field. A new series has been begun with every indication that it will have all the pleasant qualifications that have won immediate favor for those that preceded them.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

## BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE MOON IS FEMINE. By Clemence Dane. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THE JACKET says this is a novel; the title page that it is a tale. After less than a chapter, the reader asks: "What is it? A phantasy?" For a while that answer seems to suffice, but toward the tragic end one is satisfied that it's an allegory, or perhaps, a phantastical, allegorical tale. But novel it is not. It is hazardous to interpret allegories, but at the risk of being wrong, it is submitted that this one wishes to say that by clinging to an illusory ideal one may lose the reality already within the actual grasp. To clothe this message Miss Dane has used a legend of *The Green Man* and added thereto a richness of imagination, a sententiousness of thought and a polish of poetic prose rarely encountered.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND

INITIATING RESEARCH IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS. By Burton Confrey, Ph.D. Magnificat Press. \$2.50

"THE National Research Council has emphasized the necessity of winning freshmen on college level to the research idea lest, by the time they are leaving senior college, they should be attracted to more remunerative occupations." These opening words of Dr. Confrey and his mention of *Thought* as a vehicle for the publication of research by Catholics lead the reviewer to refer the author to Father George Bull's article in the latest number of that magazine. The viewpoints of the two scholars are of opposite thought. Nevertheless, Dr. Confrey's book contains valuable suggestions for arousing scholarly interests in college students, particularly for the use of their libraries. If our colleges succeed in this, there is hope that all their alumni and alumnae will read serious books. At least, a serious magazine! With all admiration for true research, the broader apostolate for the colleges is to develop permanent habits of reading in culture and science.

D. M. O'CONNELL

DYNASTY OF DEATH. By Taylor Caldwell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

THROUGH 797 pages that chronicle the years between 1837 and 1910 *Dynasty of Death* records the migration of the Barbour family from a peaceful little town, Reddish, England, to the growing town of Windsor, Pennsylvania, where in partnership with Armand Bouchard, the munitions firm of Barbour and Bouchard was established. This is the instrument through which the



two families built up an immense fortune and through which they lost all that was sacred to them. With the financial progress of the families, childhood animosities develop into deep-seated hatreds, distrusts and constant conflicts. Brother is pitted against brother, through generations of intermarriage between the members of these two families. There is the dominating Ernest Barbour, ambitious, brutal, ruthless, who is constantly browbeating the more sensitive and conscientious Martin.

If the story is large in its proportions, it is not great in its execution. Unfortunately, Mr. Caldwell has an exaggerated sense of the dramatic which at times gets beyond his control. The suicide of Jacques Bouchard before the crucifix and lighted candles of his little altar is a bit of a strain on any imagination. So, too, the death-bed scene of Joseph Barbour, who dies accusing and repudiating his once-favorite Ernest, goes a bit too far into the realm of unrestrained histrionics.

Had Mr. Caldwell the wisdom to look a little more carefully into Catholic belief and doctrines, he would not have slipped into the use of such a phrase as "Catholic mythology," nor would he have had Father Dominick, a Catholic priest of his own creation, advising Martin Barbour, recently converted to Catholicity, to marry Amy Drumhill with a Protestant ceremony which should be followed by a secret Catholic rite, and later, as a Bishop, subscribing to the doctrine that "there are appetites that it is better to wink at, provided that certain duties are observed." Even the "plump, florid and genial Bishop Dominick, deeply concerned with food and the spiritual, not to say material advancement, of the Church," is speaking out of character.

If *Dynasty of Death* had a purpose, it would seem to have missed it.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

**THE SCHOOLMA'AM.** By Frances E. Donovan. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50

HERE is as bright and entertaining a book as this reviewer has read in a long time. It is a comprehensive and descriptive discussion of the 853,967 women teachers in the United States—a subject which might have been made into just another dull book in the field of education, but which this author has presented in a manner that is lively and stimulating. Not that facts and statistics are missing—the author provides them wherever they are useful and illuminating—but she does not allow figures to get in the way of analysis and common sense. It is evident that she is mature, intelligent, well-informed.

The many "case studies" that are included in this book illustrate the points which the author wishes to make and indicate that she is always writing of real persons who have actual problems to solve and duties to perform. Her comments about the economic status of teachers, their relations to the communities in which they teach, their recreation and social life, and the value of the various organizations to which they can belong are all intelligently critical and helpful to anyone who wishes to understand and appreciate the personnel of public education, "the largest enterprise in the United States today." The book should be required reading for teachers and prospective teachers.

RUTH BYRNS

**THE JOYFUL DELANEYS.** By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THE TITLE sounds intriguing. We expect to meet typical Irish fun, a philosophy of life that kept a crushed nation alive during centuries when the demand for self-determination and plebiscites produced joyful national martyrs. Sustaining that cheerful attitude of Eire was the Catholic faith and its system of Christian morals. That is all lacking in the present book. There is nothing joyful to true Celtic blood in conniving at marital infidelities. The Joyce and Farrell type of novel does not portray the genuine Irishman at home or abroad. The Brigid of *Shadow and Substance* is joyful even in death. She is worth a thousand Megs and Kittys of *The Joyful Delaneys*. The vulgar stage Irishman has passed. Here's hoping for a speedy obituary notice of his counterpart in contemporary fiction.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

**MEN AGAINST CRIME.** By Henry Lysing. David Kemp and Co. \$2.50

WHEN organized crime was openly defying the forces of order and when the tide of crime was rising at an alarming rate, J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, secured police power for his department and set out to destroy the criminal gangs and to curb the activities of individual crooks. For over twenty-five years the Bureau had been engaged in investigating crimes, but to make arrests it had to call on the local authorities, often with disappointing results due to lack of cooperation or simple incapacity on the part of the police. Mr. Hoover gave his men special training for their work and soon the whole land was ringing with praise for the achievements of the G-men against kidnapers and bankrobbers.

Mr. Lysing tells the story of their deeds and of the elaborate methods of the training that makes such deeds possible. The Bureau is also trying to educate the public to an understanding of the fearful menace of crime and to get cooperation with its efforts to lessen it especially among the young. Insistence is rightly placed on the need of moral training for youth and on the importance of home influence. But the author fails to note that religion alone can give a solid base for morality and that with the American home weakened by divorce, race-suicide and a general neglect of religion there is little hope from that source till the parents themselves can be brought back to a realization of their duties to God.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

**MALICE OF MEN.** By Warwick Deeping. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$2.50

UTTER contempt for ideals, which he calls sentimental abstractions, living in a complete shell of selfishness, while he professes frequently his peculiar lack of this quality, seem to be the outstanding characteristics of John Lancaster in this fictional autobiography. Warwick Deeping can put strange, hard thoughts into Lancaster's head, completely shallow and materialistic, yet he allows him flutterings of yearnings toward scenic beauty and just wages for workingmen. Lancaster is the son of a tradesman, thus socially undesirable in his English town. His great hate in life is directed toward one of the gentry, Beverley Bullstrode, Bart., an arrogant and brutish man, who marries and mistreats Sanchia, whom Lancaster loves. As a divorce has been refused, Lancaster terminates the sad arrangement by murdering Bullstrode and marrying Sanchia who, of course, knows nothing of this, and everyone is happy thereafter. On the last page, after becoming rich and respected, Lancaster, an old man now, lives "with a gentle and serene tiredness on his memories." One wonders whether Mr. Deeping reveals his "respect for man's courage," as the blurb informs us or, instead, shows his contempt for man's weaknesses.

VIRGINIA BURKE

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF HOLY CROSS VERSE, 1920-1937.** The Heffernan Press, Worcester, Mass.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE has always been enormously fond of its poets. The tradition of good verse begun there under the tutelage of Fathers Kimball and Earls (to whose memory the present volume is dedicated) is being nobly sustained by the present mentors. Some years ago a volume entitled *Pan On Pachachoag* (Pachachoag is the Indian name for the hill on which the College is situated) enshrined in the form of an anthology the best work of the Holy Cross poets from the years 1894 to 1920. The present book embraces all the best pieces appearing in the *Holy Cross Purple* from 1920 up till the present year. William Lyon Phelps, in his preface, remarks upon the "imagination, considerable originality, immense variety and technical skill" which is characteristic of the Holy Cross tradition and amply manifested in this present volume. The book is beautiful in format; but a man's book, nevertheless, one you would like to peruse for hours with your feet on a fender before an open fire and a pipe in your mouth.

LEONARD FEENEY

## FILMS

**THAT CERTAIN AGE.** Now it is Deanna Durbin who has fallen heir to that juvenile plot cliché which involves the precocious child in an infatuation with the settled hero, and it is a tribute to Miss Durbin's natural charm that the resulting production misses boredom by several degrees. In catching up with the maturity of her voice she is certainly not hampered by lack of poise and her straight dramatic moments are handled with assurance and intelligence. As a Girl Scout who plans an amateur show to send her buddies away to camp she decides that she is in love with a noted war correspondent. It requires a hastily invented wife to bring home to the girl the disparity between her and her idol and, at the drop of a diary, she turns her attention to the benefit performance and a suitor nearer her own age. Director Edward Ludwig has preserved the piece from the logical consequences of such a plot by a pervasive good humor and a stern rejection of excessive cuteness. Miss Durbin's singing is still among the screen's unmixed delights as she is heard in several tuneful numbers. If Jackie Cooper's portrait of adolescence is more than slightly derivative, the grown-ups, John Halliday, Irene Rich, Melvyn Douglas and Nancy Carroll, supply uniformly convincing characterizations. Thanks to the star, this is fine entertainment for the whole family. (*Universal*)

**THE SISTERS.** Family groups appear to be a screen vogue and in this evocation of small-town life at the turn of the century we may follow the varied careers of no less than three sisters. Anatole Litvak's production is not in the nostalgic tradition, being realistically conceived and with touches of social satire to highlight the domestic scene. While one of the sisters is attempting to escape poverty through a wealthy marriage, another wins back an erring spouse when concerted action on the part of the good wives induces a lady of the town to disappear. The third is on the verge of losing her jobless husband when they reach a deeper understanding by courtesy of the San Francisco earthquake. The several stories are cleverly presented so as to maintain a definite unity with the town of the girls' origin as the focal point of the action. Errol Flynn and Bette Davis invest the more promising rôles with considerable interest. The film will prove effective drama for mature audiences. (*Warner*)

**A MAN TO REMEMBER.** The country doctor comes in for a modest paean in a film which may be credited with novelty more for its extension of the flashback technique than for original story twists. It is a sincere and sometimes affecting tale and shrewd direction keeps its sentimentality in harness for much of the footage. After the death of the general practitioner, his bills conjure up the high points of his obscure career. The action covers twenty years of struggle, to rear his son in the ideals of their common profession, to provide for an adopted daughter and to win a representative hospital for the community. There is a nice touch in the reconstruction of town history through the unpaid bills of the horse-and-buggy doctor. Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley and Lee Bowman play their rôles with appropriate simplicity. This is attractive family fare. (*RKO*)

**YOUTH TAKES A FLING.** This is a lightweight fiction which might have been passed over for purely esthetic reasons. A shopgirl yearning for romance is advised by a friend, a Catholic of the Hollywood rite, to light a candle to Saint Joseph and watch things hum. The interpretation of a Catholic devotion is silly and nudges superstition. Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea are featured. Adults may find it unintentionally funny. (*Universal*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

## EVENTS

**JUST** two weeks ago, a world war seemed inevitable—a world war that would have been a far ghastlier affair than world war number one. At the very last moment, civilization was spared this death-dealing blow. If the frantic, last-moment efforts for peace had failed, we would this very day be reading news dispatches somewhat like the following. . . .

**Czechoslovakia. October 11, 1938.** After fierce fighting, with the Czech forces contesting every foot of the way, the German army penetrated further into Czechoslovakia. Sanguinary battles are raging on four fronts. Strict censorship claps the lid on full information, but reports filtering through indicate a heavy list of casualties on both sides.

**Paris, October 12, 1938.** A War Office communique declared that heavy German assaults on the Maginot Line were repulsed. Paris experienced her first air raid since 1918 this morning. At 10 A.M. a large squadron of German bombers appeared over the city, dropped showers of bombs and disappeared. New waves of sky raiders appeared at half-hour intervals throughout the morning and early afternoon. The din of the exploding bombs, which spared few sections of the city, was infernal. Heart-rending spectacles greeted the eye everywhere. Terrorized men, women and children, out of their senses with fear, rushing for shelter; gaping holes in the street; dead bodies sticking out of the piled-up debris; rows of buildings turned in the twinkling of an eye into smoking ruins. The bombs were all incendiary; flames crackled through large parts of Gay Paree, which is anything but Gay Paree at the moment.

**London. October 12, 1938.** The most appalling attack ever experienced in the long history of London shrieked out of the skies a little before noon today. Efforts to ascertain the number of dead and injured were thus far unsuccessful, because of the great number of victims buried under fallen masonry. Roaring fires spread through many sections of London. Westminster Abbey was in ruins. It will be weeks before the full extent of the damage in lives and property can be calculated.

**Berlin, October 13, 1938.** A devastating air raid spread death through Berlin last evening, and continued until the early hours of morning.

**Rome. October 14, 1938.** The frightfulness of modern war was demonstrated by the spectacle of Rome this morning, following the terrifying bombs that fell in showers from the air last night. Thousands of citizens were killed and injured. Precious landmarks lay in ruins. **Paris, October 14, 1938.** Casualty lists began appearing in all the principal papers this morning. French losses thus far were estimated at 30,000 killed, 110,000 wounded. . . . In the Chamber of Deputies yesterday, speakers appealed to the United States to enter the war and save the world for democracy.

**London, October 15, 1938.** The Admiralty admitted today that eight British ships have been sunk by submarines. Passengers and crews were rescued from five of the ships; only on three of the vessels were all lost.

But for the meeting in Munich the above is what we would all be reading. Because of the meeting, women and children are not lying dead on the streets of Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Prague today; corpses are not piled high on battlefields all over Europe. And the meeting is being called "The Great Betrayal."

THE PARADER